LE BEAU MONDE,

OR,

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JUNE, 1807.

NON PRÆTER SOLITUM LEVES.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.
2. Beautifully coloured Costumes for Ladies and Gentlemen.
3. An *Original Piece* of French music.

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Printed and published by and for J. B. BELL and Co. No. VII, *Catherine-Street, Strand.*

TO THE PUBLIC, OUR READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

IT has been suggested to us by some of our Correspondents, to whose opinions we shall ever pay the highest respect, that a Supplement to our present volume, *taking into consideration that it must necessarily consist of* NINE NUMBERS, *would extend the limits of our work to* an inconvenient size. *Instead, therefore, of an extended* Supplementary Number, *as was originally proposed, the Proprietors intend to publish with their* NINTH NUMBER, *a* beautiful emblematical TITLE PAGE, *engraven in a* very superior style *by* SCRIVEN, *from an* exquisitely tasteful, classical, and original Painting *by A. W.* DEVIS, *Esq. It will be accompanied by a* PREFACE *and* COPIOUS INDEX, &c. *and altogether will form a superb and valuable addition to the first volume.*

The BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVEN FRONTISPIECE, PREFACE, INDEX, &c. &c. *will be formed into a* distinct Number; *and although a very considerable expence has been incurred in the execution of the* painting of the Design, *and in the engraving of the* superb Embellishments, *the Proprietors have resolved, notwithstanding, to charge to their Subscribers and the Public,* only Sixpence *for this elegant and additional Number; and further pledge themselves, that should this* HALF-YEARLY SUPPLEMENT *not answer the expectation of any Subscriber, or the Public at large, to return the price paid for it.*

The Subscribers are requested to observe, that Orders for this HALF-YEARLY SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER *should be given to their Booksellers or Newsmen, and with as little delay as possible, in order to ensure the* BEST IMPRESSIONS.

A pleasing piece of French Music is added to this Number of the Magazine, and as the Proprietors promised, in a former Number, to increase the attractions of their Work by adding Embellishments, and by augmenting the number of their Pages appropriated to Literature, according to the Patronage the Magazine might have; they, therefore, presume to offer this Number as a proof of the sincerity of their promises, and of their determination to continue still to add to its merits, in proportion as the Magazine increases in sale. A piece of ORIGINAL MUSIC *will for the future be given in this Magazine, which will be composed expressly for this Work, both by English and Foreign Masters: the Music will be diversified and calculated for various instruments.*

Many applications having been made to the Proprietors of this Magazine for Proof Impressions of the Portraits that form a part of this costly Work, the Proprietors beg leave to inform the Nobility, Gentry, the Public, and the Amateurs of the Fine Arts, that any of the Proof Impressions, on India Paper, of the Portraits may be had at the Office, in Sets at 7s. each, or separately at 10s. 6d. each.

We have received a long letter on a late political measure, but must decline inserting it.

We have likewise to acknowledge the receipt of letters from Deal, Stamford, and Brighton.

We are much obliged to an ingenious correspondent, who signs himself *Tekeli*, for his hints, and shall endeavour to profit by them.

Letters signed *B. B. William*—*A Westminster Elector*—and several other favours, are under consideration.

ERRATA.

In page 452, 2d. col. line 21, for *accomplishments* read *accompaniments*; and in the same page and column, line 26, for *humble* read *suitable*.

18
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MAY

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE of CUMBERLAND.

Engraved for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Magazine
from a Painting in the Possession of her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth
Published by J.B. Bell & Co. Catherine Street Strand June 1st 1807

THE

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR JUNE, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Eighth Number.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

THE military, at present, seems the only profession into which the junior branches of the Blood Royal are permitted to enter. Formerly, when the Church establishment of England was Catholic, it was by no means unusual for Princes to take ecclesiastical degrees, and, at the present day, some of the best benefices in Spain and Portugal, are in the hands of members of the Royal Families of those kingdoms; but there is no instance in England, since the reformation, of any of our Princes taking holy orders. We live in a martial age, and therefore it is not surprising, that "the "pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war," should produce livelier impressions on the young and gallant minded of illustrious birth, than the severer and less dazzling studies of the schools. In the times of the crusades, the croisier and the sceptre were both to be seen in the field; but, in modern times, bishops have relinquished the toils of war, while Kings and Princes still continue to exercise the profession of arms.

His Royal Highness the DUKE of CUMBERLAND, the fifth son of their present Majesties, was born on the 4th of June, 1771, the anniversary of the birth-day of his august father. The earlier parts of his education were received in England, after which he proceeded to Germany, and finished his studies at the university of Gottingen. On the commencement of the war with France, in 1793, his Royal Highness was entrusted with the command of a body of Hanoverians in British pay, and served under his Royal Highness the Duke of York at the siege of Dunkirk. In a sortie made by the garrison of that place, his Royal Highness had the misfortune to be taken prisoner, together with General Walmoden and some other officers of distinction, but was speedily released from his painful situation by the gallantry of a detachment of the guards.

His Royal Highness served also on the continent during the ensuing campaign, and partook largely of the dangers and glory of the British forces in many severe encounters. In one of these his Royal Highness, we believe, was wounded in the forehead with the stroke of a sabre. Since that time his Royal Highness has not been

engaged in actual service, but has acted as a General on the Staff, commanding the southern district.—In 1799 his Royal Highness was created a peer of the realm by the style and titles of DUKE of CUMBERLAND, in England; TEVIOTDALE, in Scotland; and EARL of ARMAGH, in Ireland.

His Royal Highness is also Chancellor of the University of Dublin.

His Royal Highness is above the common size, and his person is well made and graceful. He has occasionally spoken in Parliament, and delivers himself with ease and propriety. His Royal Highness is reported to be a good judge of music, and it is said that as an amateur he excels both in vocal and instrumental music.

HISTORY.

OF THE HINDU NATION.

(Continued from page 361.)

WHATEVER have been the acquirements of the Hindus in astronomy or metaphysics, it is certain that their attainments in medicine and physiology were extremely narrow and circumscribed. From time immemorial, physic appears to have been in India a mere empirical history of diseases and remedies, in which the priest was as often called upon to exercise his skill to rescue the patient from the persecution of some malignant dæmon by whom he was supposed to be tormented, or to assist him with his prayers to expiate some crime committed in a former state of existence, for which he believed himself to be punished in this life with disease, as the experienced and regular practitioner of medicine. The *Ayurveda*, supposed by them to be the work of a celestial physician, is almost entirely lost, unfortunately, perhaps, for the curious European, but happily for the afflicted Hindu, since, according to their tenets, a science revealed from heaven is incapable of receiving any improvements from the lights of experience. In a fragment of this work, Sir William Jones *, to his great astonishment, met with an entire *Upanishad* on the internal parts of the human body; with an enumeration of nerves, veins, and arteries, a description of the heart, spleen, and liver, and various disquisitions on the formation and growth of the fœtus, so that it is evident, contrary to the generally received notion on the subject, that, at some distant period, the Hindus must have practised anatomy. But it may safely be affirmed, that no modern Hindu physician ever ventured, for the improvement of his profession, on the dissection of a subject; and in such abhorrence is the use of the lancet held, that in cases where phlebotomy is necessary, instead of opening a vein they apply leeches, often putting on, if we may venture to believe a traveller, who was a physician himself, a hundred at once, which, as they have not skill to remove them, adhere till they are satiated, and then fall off of themselves, by which means the life of the exhausted patient is frequently exposed to imminent danger *.

In most diseases the Hindus, perhaps wisely, consider abstinence as a sovereign remedy, and leave nature unassisted to her own operations. But in justice to the physicians of a nation, whose drugs compose so large a part of the *materia medica* of Europe, and some of whose simples are undoubtedly valuable, it would be improper not to observe, that the Hindu practitioners of medicine do not, in all cases, trust the relief of their patients to the kind assistance of nature. Sir William Jones saw an Indian prescription of fifty-four, and another of sixty-six ingredients, the very composition of which implies a considerable degree of pharmacopical skill, though we may be allowed to doubt the efficacy of such preparations, since one ingredient may destroy the operation of another; and, he adds, it were better to find certain accounts of a single leaf or berry, than to be acquainted with the most elaborate com-

* Works of Sir W. Jones, Vol. I. p. 162.

* Fryer's Travels, p. 114.

pounds, unless their utility has been demonstrated by a multitude of successful experiments.

The poisonous reptiles with which India abounds, in all probability early excited the attention of the physicians of that country, to the means of counteracting the deliterious effects of their venom. One of their modes of cure was to apply a burning coal, or some strong caustic substance, to the wounded part, and the pain occasioned by the poison generally enabled the sufferer to submit with patience to the application of fire: the other remedy was the *Bezoar* or *Snake-stone*, once a celebrated remedy, but now fallen into disrepute. The cautery might have been of use, and perhaps the Bezoar also, but we must acknowledge we are rather sceptical as to the merits of a substance which some writers have described as being found in the viscera of certain animals of the goat kind, and others as a composition of certain plants burnt to ashes, which ashes are mixed with a particular species of earth, and then calcined a second time. But happily for humanity, it is of little consequence now to enquire, which of these remedies were the mildest or the safest. An ingenious English practitioner of medicine in Bengal, has discovered that *volatile caustic alcali spirit*, in quantity between forty and sixty drops, diluted with water, or *Eau de Luce*, in a larger proportion, is a certain remedy, if timely administered, against the bite of the most fatal of the serpent tribe *.

The greatest impediment to the advancement of medical knowledge in India, seems to be the excessive superstition of the natives, who, imputing every calamity to inexorable destiny, or the will of the Gods, leaves them without hope of relief in the hour of distress, from the intervention of human assistance. The skill of a mere mortal physician cannot be supposed to be of much efficacy towards the removal of diseases which their religion teaches them to consider as immediate inflictions of divine justice, either on account of their own sins, as has already been observed, in a former state of existence, or, what is quite as preposterous, for the sins of their ancestors; and therefore, in such cases, little reliance is placed on human aid, but credulity derives hopes from the prayers and intercessions of the Brahmens.

One striking proof of the low state of medical science in India, whether among the Hindu or Mahometan professors of the healing art, is to be deduced from the favour and regard with which European physicians have been invariably received at the courts of Indian sovereigns. Gemelli and Bernier, two of the most accurate and sagacious travellers that ever visited India, were physicians deservedly esteemed at the court of Delhi; the first by Jehangire, the son and successor of the illustrious Akber; the second by Aurungzebe, and Dara Shah, his amiable, but unfortunate competitor for the imperial diadem: and the first *firmaun*, or free permission, to trade in his dominions, which the English East India Company obtained from the Great Mogul, as the Emperor of Hindustan was then called, was granted by Ferokshere, at the disinterested solicitation of Mr. Hamilton, an English surgeon, by whom he was cured of a dangerous malady *.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* "On the Cure of Persons bitten by Snakes." By J. Williams, Esq. Asiatic Researches, Sup. to Sir W. Jones, Vol. I. p. 317.

* Mr. Hamilton performed an operation on Ferokshere, which restored him to health, after he had been given up by his own physicians; and the Emperor, in return, conferred great marks of distinction on his preserver, and promised to grant him any favour he should chuse to ask. The Englishman, instead of seeking to enrich himself, besought the Emperor to grant the Company some immunities which they were then soliciting. His requisition was instantly complied with, and, as a fresh proof of the Mogul's regard, the usual fees payable into the imperial treasury were remitted on the occasion. Such was the humble origin of the mighty power of the British nation in India. Scott's History of the Dekkan, Vol. II. p. 139.

STATE OF SOCIETY, MANNERS, &c.

DENMARK.

IT is an observation we have more than once met with, and to the justice of which we most readily subscribe, that if travelling, as the completion of a liberal education, were to be adopted on rational grounds, the Northern states ought to be visited before the more polished parts of Europe, to serve as the elements of the knowledge of manners, only to be acquired by tracing their various shades in different countries. Denmark, among the Northern states, has peculiar claims on the curiosity of the English traveller. It has furnished us with conquerors and kings, it was the cradle of many of our institutions, and, even to the present day, in many particulars, the analogy between the two countries is striking.

The Danes, taking them as a people in general, are tall and well made; their features are regular, their complexions florid, and their hair inclining to yellow or red. In their dispositions they may be fairly characterised as being brave, courteous, and humane. The superior classes of the Danish nobility and gentry possess much spirit and vivacity, and are constitutionally fond of magnificence and parade, yet carefully avoid exceeding the limits of their incomes. Formerly the French fashions were more generally adopted among the higher orders of society, but of late years English dresses have prevailed, except in the winter season, when the rigour of the climate obliges them to have recourse to furs and other kinds of warm clothing. That the Danes enjoy the advantages of a good government is obvious in the appearance of the common people, even the peasants have a neatness in their dress which seems to exceed their condition. They make good soldiers and sailors, and fill the various situations in life with respectability.

A custom prevails in this country, which we do not remember to have noticed in any other. Marriages in Denmark are often contracted several years before the parties live together. Young people, who are attached to each other, with the consent of their friends, exchange rings, and from that time are permitted to enjoy an extraordinary degree of liberty together. The days of courtship are therefore prolonged, till it be perfectly convenient to marry; the intimacy often becomes very tender: and if the lover can obtain the privilege of a husband, it can only be termed by half stealth, because the family is wilfully blind. It happens, however, very rarely that these honorary engagements are dissolved or disregarded, a stigma being attached to a breach of faith, which is thought more disgraceful, if not so criminal, as the violation of the marriage vow.

We have already had occasion to remark, that the great in all European countries have now nearly the same customs and diversions, and that it is to the common and middling classes of society that we must look for a national character. The Danes are fond of music and dancing, but there is not much refinement in their taste, and they are content to supply their concerts and ball-rooms with itinerant bands of German musicians. Their stage entertainments do not rank very high. Mrs. Wollstonecraft, who visited the capital of Denmark in 1795, thus describes a Danish dramatic olio at which she was present: "The "play was founded on the story of the Mock "Doctor; and from the gestures of the servants, "who were the best actors, I should imagine "contained some humour. The farce, termed "ballet, was a kind of pantomime, the childish "incidents of which were sufficient to shew the "state of the dramatic art in Denmark, and the "gross taste of the audience. A magician, "in the disguise of a tinker, enters a cottage, "were the women are all busy ironing, and "rubs a dirty frying-pan against their linen. "The women raise a hue and cry against him, "and dance after him, rousing their husbands, "who join in the dance, but get the start of "them in the pursuit. The tinker, with the "frying-pan for his shield, renders them im-"moveable, and blacks their cheeks. Each "laugh at the other, unconscious of his own "appearance; mean while the women enter "to enjoy the sport, *the rare fun*, with other "incidents of the same species." This is undoubtedly ridiculous enough, but had Mrs. Wollstonecraft lived to have witnessed the exhibitions of Messrs. Reynolds, Cherry, and

Dibdin, in her own country, she must have admitted that some of the *spectacles* of London are to the full as absurd as those of Copenhagen.

Like other northern nations the Danes are hospitable, and attached to the pleasures of the table. Among the mercantile class, their mornings are devoted to commercial pursuits; at dinner time they assemble their friends around them; and the remainder of the day is dedicated to purposes of festivity and enjoyment. The use, or rather the abuse, of spirituous liquors is frequent among them, but they are not liable to quarrel in their cups, and, on the whole, their passions may be said to be under excellent restraint.

The government of Denmark is an absolute monarchy, but there are few countries in Europe where the people enjoy a greater degree of freedom. This is in part owing to the laws of Denmark, which are exceedingly humane, few offences being punished with death, and in part to the mild character of the Prince Royal, the son of the unfortunate Matilda of England, and nephew of his Majesty, who is at the head of the government, and deservedly beloved by his nation. A few anecdotes of a Prince so nearly allied to the Royal Family of this country cannot, we trust, stand in need of any apology, and therefore we shall, without hesitation, insert them.

In the year 1788 he travelled through Norway; and acts of mercy gave dignity to the parade, and interest to the joy, his presence inspired. An officer, mortally wounded at the ill-advised battle of Quistram, desired to speak with the Prince; and, with his dying breath, earnestly recommended to his care a young woman of Christiana, to whom he was engaged. When the Prince returned there, a ball was given by the chief inhabitants. He enquired whether this unfortunate girl was invited, and requested that she might, though of the second class. The girl came; she was pretty; and finding herself among her superiors, bashfully sat down as near the door as possible, nobody taking notice of her. Shortly after, the Prince entering, immediately inquired for her, and asked her to dance, to the mortification of the rich dames. After it was over, he handed her to the top of the room, and placing himself by her, spoke of the loss she had sustained with tenderness, promising to provide for any one she should marry.—She is since married, and he has not forgotten his promise.

The other anecdotes, which we gather from the same authority from whence the preceding is taken, are as follows:

There is a house of correction at Christiana for trifling misdemeanors, where the women are confined to labour and imprisonment even for life. The state of the prisoners was represented to the Prince; in consequence of which, he visited the arsenal and the house of correction. The slaves at the arsenal were loaded with irons of a great weight; he ordered them to be lightened as much as possible. The people in the house of correction were commanded not to speak to him; but four women, condemned to remain there for life, got into the passage, and fell at his feet. He granted them a pardon, and inquiring respecting the treatment of the prisoners, he was informed that they were frequently whipt going in, and coming out, and for any fault, at the discretion of the directors. This custom he humanely abolished; though some of the principal inhabitants, whose situation in life had raised them above the temptation of stealing, were of opinion that these chastisements were necessary and wholesome. It is impossible not to regard such a Prince with respect—not to think of him with pride, when we consider how nearly he is allied to the royal line of our own country.

At Copenhagen, the acquisition of the English language, like the French in most of the other capitals of Europe, is looked upon as a necessary part of polite education, so that there are few persons of either sexes in the higher walks of life, who do not possess a sort of general acquaintance with English literature. Had Matilda lived and been permitted to have educated the Prince Royal, it is highly probable that a taste for English literature would have taken deeper root, and been more widely diffused; but, as it is, the commercial relations between the two countries, and the similarity of their manners, habits, religion, and feelings, will, for a long time, preserve the cultivation of the English language among the Danes.

Denmark, as a nation, may be said to be in a rising condition. If we except the unfortunate rupture between us and the Danes in the course of the last war, and the inconsequential hostilities between her and Sweden some years preceding, she has enjoyed a long course of tranquillity, while most of the powers of Europe, at one time or other, have been engaged in expensive wars. Hence it is, that the people are free from most of those burthensome imposts,

which press so heavily on the lower orders of other countries; and if, as the advocates of our system maintain, their commercial speculations are not invigorated by the happy existence of a national debt, fortunately they are not repressed by the direful influence of universal taxation.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

HYPOTHESIS OF WEILAND ON THE ART OF POETRY OF HORACE.

(Concluded from page 365.)

THE march of our poet in this epistle resembles, as we have already said, a promenade which we enter for no other purpose than to walk in; and it is of little importance whether we stop in one part to admire a beautiful prospect, turn aside at another to pluck a flower, or stop to enjoy the cooling freshness of the shade. Horace, however, it must be observed, never dwells long enough on a subject to satisfy curiosity; he rarely gives rules so precise that a scholar cannot fail to mark their application; and he digresses at every moment from particulars to generals, from the drama to the art of poetry; but he never lets slip an occasion of lashing as he goes on, the scribblers of his day. This is his method from verse 89 to verse 152, where he at length appears seriously to wish to initiate his pupil into the mysteries of the dramatic art. He accordingly touches on that subject (v. 179—188), and lays down some good rules. But, if we except his exquisite sketch of the four ages of man (v. 158—174), he soon forgets what would have been necessary for his course of instruction, if he had designed to give one, to explain the nature of the chorus, with which the Romans were sufficiently well acquainted through the medium of the Greek tragedies. From thence he digresses to mark the variations which the chorus had undergone from its first introduction, to the time of Eschylus, and to explain how the satyrical drama originated in the chorusses of the ancient tragedies. It is impossible to comprehend, supposing that Horace had wished to write an art of poetry, how he could thus have allowed himself to have been diverted from his purpose, to the consideration of tragedy and comedy. But an author who is not engaged to write on a certain point, has nothing to answer for; and as he had in his mind a model of the way in which these pieces ought to be written, he suffers himself to deliver the rules which he would have followed had he applied himself to that species of composition. Nothing can be more acute and judicious than what he says on this occasion, particularly relative to the style of such compositions. The poet who can taste his beauties, will there find excellent hints for comic compositions. One may even regret that Horace had not realized what he conceived, or at least extended his design. But of what utility would it have been to the young Piso to hear Horace discourse of a species of poetry in which he flattered himself he had arrived at a degree of excellence which would leave in despair all succeeding imitators? (v. 240 et suiv.)

Our poet amuses himself so long with this idea, that his fancy grows warmer and warmer, and he pursues his attack against bad poets with a vivacity truly diverting. The friendly counsel which he bestows on them, (v. 244—250) relative to the tone of their dramatic satires, is one of the severest strokes that he aims against them. All on a sudden he returns to versification, and, always under the influence of the same humour, he pushes his malice so far as to teach these, his dear fellow wits, what an iambic is; I say fellow wits, because it is probable the Pisos had already learnt it of their preceptor. He then reproaches the Romans, with a sort of indignation, for their partiality for their ancient poets; he accuses them of having ears insensible to the charms of delicate verses; he censures the indulgence which they had always shewn to the indolence of authors, who have a horror of polishing or blotting out, and in this indulgence he finds the principal cause why the Latin poets, particularly in the dramatic walk, remained at so great a distance behind the Greeks, whom they never ceased to imitate. According to him, correction is the

sublimity and the perfection of the art, and he conjures the young Pisos, by the renown of their ancestors *(vos ô Pompilius sanguis)*, not to lend their suffrage to any poetical work, of which an assiduous correction has not diligently blotted out all the faults and brought forward all the beauties. He thinks that the Romans attach too much value to the gifts of nature, and do not set sufficient estimation on the refinements of art. The one and the other are equally necessary, and what constitutes the excellence of the Greek poetry is, that it combines the fire of genius with the higher polish of composition. The whole of this passage (v. 309—365,) contains the best precepts, and most judicious reflections on the manner in which a poet ought to form himself, on the severe studies in which he ought to engage, and on the difficulty of uniting all those qualities that are necessary to the production of a work which shall survive its author. But all this is thrown together as if at random, and in such confusion, that the freedom and agreeable negligence of the epistolary style are not sufficient to excuse our poet, and we are tempted to believe, that he has affected this disorder to embarrass the young Piso with a multitude of incoherent rules, and to make him feel doubly the difficulty of the art of poetry by the manner itself of teaching it. This conjecture, notwithstanding its singularity, acquires probability, when in the midst of this disorder, which is not apparent, but real, and would be insupportable in a didactic poem, we discover traces of delicate finesse, and that the author never loses sight of his principal design. He would have failed had he announced it at the commencement, or even had he disclosed it too plainly in the progress of his work; but Horace takes his part more dexterously. With the best air in the world, he offers himself as a guide to a young man burning with impatience to climb the heights of Parnassus. He leads him by a path the length and difficulties of which might astonish the boldest. The young man becomes alarmed; he had figured to himself a short and agreeable journey; and he becomes tired before he has advanced half way. His guide then encourages him; permits him to repose; he leads him imperceptably to a point from whence the object of his desires appears in the most fascinating form, and to be near at hand. They resume their journey; but the road always becomes more difficult, and seems to lengthen. The brilliant temple which from time to time glitters before their eyes, recedes farther from them; and the guide, dragging forward the discouraged young man by the hand, has the cruelty to entertain him with accounts of the dangers they will have difficulty to escape from, unless aided by particular good fortune. He talks to him of the morasses where he may easily be lost, of the precipices which he must climb, and of the shame and disgrace which have attended those who have failed in the same undertaking; and he quits him in the middle of a wood, telling him that it now depends upon himself to continue his journey alone, or, what would be more safe, to renounce his project. Such is nearly the way in which Horace, in this epistle, has treated the young Piso. From time to time, when he sees him abashed by the difficulties and impediments which stand in the way to his becoming a great poet, he appears inclined to encourage him. He talks to him as of a matter of the highest importance, of the dramatic rule of five acts, a rule which any scribbler could observe as well as Eschylus; he teaches him to make trimetrical iambics; he tells him what are the faults we may pardon in a poet; that human nature can produce nothing perfect; and, at length, to conclude, he takes him aside with much ceremony, and promises him for this time a piece of information highly important, and this information, which he thunders into his ears with all his force, that nothing is more detestable in the world, than to be an indifferent poet.

From this place (v. 366,) the true meaning of Horace begins to shew itself so clearly, that it is sufficient to read to the end of his epistle to be convinced of it. After all that he had said to persuade his young friend of the difficulties of poetry, there might still remain to him the delusion that he possessed superior talents. All that has been advanced may be true, he might say to himself, but from thence ought I to become one of the masters of the art? Twenty of my equals compose tragedies, comedies, elegies, and iambics, without having, on that account, any pretensions to lord it over Parnassus. My verses are not the most exquisitely finished; but what of that, genius is always above art, and the world does not look at these things so narrowly as Horace. The friends to whom I have read my essays have been extremely well satisfied with them. I have seen myself the pleasure which such and such passages have given them. These delusions Horace combats with much dexterity. He says nothing contrary to good manners; but he proves to him, by a very plain deduction, (v. 391—407) that though he has no reason to blush

for his attachment to the muses, he has not the least pretext to give himself up to that attachment. He forbids him to make verses for the sake of being fashionable. We have too good an opinion of the sense of Horace to believe that he could have the weakness to wish to exaggerate the faults of the contemptible herd of indifferent poets. If ever he composes, he cautions him to be well on his guard against those perfidious friends who never fail to flock round poets of fortune. He advises him to consult with the most rigid judges, and to keep his work nine years, that he may not deprive himself too soon of the inestimable privilege to suppress it. If we reflect a moment on the anxiety with which Horace labours to caution his young friend against those persons who lavish their applauses with so many compliments, if we reflect in how many different ways, and always with new turns and motives, he comes back to urge the necessity of correction, we will perceive, as it appears to me, that he had powerful reasons for doubting the abilities of his pupil. He would not have taken such pains with a man whom he thought possessed of real talents. So through the whole course of the epistle, Horace does not drop a single word which should lead us to suspect the young Piso to have been a youth of promising genius. He sees no other chance than that of disgrace for him, and that the disgrace may strike him the more forcibly, he brings the bad poets incessantly before him, and treats them with the utmost severity, so that after this introduction to the secrets of the muses, the young man, if not incurable, was almost certain to abandon them for ever.

Wieland concludes this curious and interesting critique with vows that his translation, or, if they please, his paraphrase on the epistle to the Pisos, may have the effect to divert young persons without genius from the pursuit of poetry. That is, according to him, the true aim of the pretended art of poetry, and the greatest good it can effect. The conduct of Horace, adds he, is the only one which can be held with a young votary of the muses. If he is not discouraged by it, so much the worse; it is an infallible sign that nature has intended him either for a poet or a fool.

ON THE DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

WE have been accustomed, for a great number of years, to hear every act performed by Government loaded with shame, and stigmatised as fatal to the glory, and even security of the constitution. It is truly unfortunate that this cry should have been so often raised when the real interests of the country did not stand in any dangers that would warrant such fears, because, at last, when the moment does really arrive, in which a fatal blow is struck at the very root of our invaluable constitution, the cry, like the appeal of the shepherd boy against the wolf in the fable, is regarded as equally groundless and unnecessary with the exclamations that were uttered on former occasions.

When the late ministers, ministers deserving and possessing the confidence of their country, were dismissed from the situations that they held with so much honour to themselves, and with so much advantage to the nation, they were dismissed, perhaps, upon the most extraordinary grounds on which an administration ever retired from office. They were dismissed for their adherence to the principles of the constitution: they were dismissed for their firm preservation of public faith: they were dismissed for their anxious zeal to promote the safety, prosperity, and glory of his Majesty, of his Majesty's subjects at large, and *of the Protestant Church, as by law established.* Other men have been *prevented* from attaining official dignities for a refusal to violate the principles of the constitution: but it was the singular glory of the late ministers to retire from the *actual possession* of power, for the refusal to violate those principles. Other ministers have been discharged from his Majesty's service for what *they have already done*: but the late administration are dismissed for something which they *will not do hereafter.* But this is all assertion: let us look into the facts, and we shall see that these assertions are founded upon truth and supported by principles.

In order to understand, with perfect clearness, the nature of the causes which led to the dismissal of the late ministers, and to the consequent dissolution of the Parliament, it is not necessary to recur to very distant and abstract notions, nor to any very remote period of time. When, a few weeks ago, it became necessary to pass the annual Mutiny Bill, which is the cement of our military system, his Majesty's

Ministers thought it expedient, for the furtherance of the great object of national defence, to enlarge the nature of the existing laws in such a manner, as to open to a wider circle the allurements and advantages of a military life: and it was then proposed to extend to Irish Catholics, serving in England, the same rights and privileges which, by the act of 1793, they enjoyed when in service at home. To this proposition his Majesty, though with reluctance, granted his consent. But as it was then considered, that to accord such privileges to the Catholics alone would be an extremely illiberal step with regard to the Dissenters, it was conceived that instead of a clause in the Mutiny Bill, the best and most effectual mode of providing for the increase of our force would be a separate bill, by which the army and navy should be thrown open equally to men of all persuasions, on their acceptance of an oath which was to operate as a test. This proposition, strange to say, his Majesty thought it fit to resist, and his Ministers accordingly submitted, though much against their own judgment, to withdraw the obnoxious measure altogether. But his Majesty, who from some unaccountable perversion, has, through the whole course of his life, been exceedingly hostile to any alteration in favour of such of his subjects as dissent from the tenets of the English Church, informed his Ministers, that their removal of the obnoxious measure for the present was not sufficient for him: that he had been repeatedly harassed with the question of extending the privileges of Catholics and Dissenters; that he conceived such an extension contradictory to the letter of his coronation oath: and that nothing would satisfy him but an express pledge from them, that they would never bring forward the question again. His Ministers were of opinion, that to give such a pledge would be highly unconstitutional; they refused to give such a pledge; and his Majesty demanded the seals at their hands.

Now, certainly, there is no person at all versed in the principles on which the British Government is founded, who can question the King's right to withhold his assent from a measure that his Ministers may propose; but on what possible footing can any man rest a belief that the King of this country has a right to demand from any class of men, who are to bear a public responsibility upon their shoulders, a pledge that will bar them from taking such measures as to them in their wisdom shall seem meet? It will, indeed, be unfortunate for a country if, while the circumstances which alone should influence the conduct of its government, are wrapt in all the darkness of futurity, rulers are to start up and exclaim, "To all the "chances of futurity you shall be exposed be- "neath our guidance; but, observe, we have "nailed the rudder on one side, and, however "the winds may blow, or the waters rush, "our method of piloting you shall be uni- "formly the same." Surely this is no better than binding the country hand and foot and then tossing it into a river!

Another Ministry then succeeds, and, when taxed with an implied consent to the principle of the pledge demanded, makes this answer, through the mouth of one of its prime organs, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs:— "We have not consented to this pledge: "we endeavoured to reconcile his Majesty to "his late Ministers, whom we thought every "way able to direct the country, but we could "not succeed in our kind offices; now we have "accepted the situations for which we thought "them so well qualified, and we have his Ma- "jesty's authority to say, that what has been "done with respect to the demanded pledges "was done, not in consequence of any sugges- "tion of ours, but of his *own free will only.*" How! this is a strange speech indeed! His Majesty did it of his own free will:

"A tempting doctrine, plausible and new;
"What fools our fathers were, if this be true!"
DRYDEN.

then what becomes of that old and long established principle of our constitution, "*Rex non* "*potest facere injuriam, quod si faciat, non est Rex.*" "The King can do no wrong; if he "does, he is no longer King;" because it has very wisely been determined that his advisers are always to be responsible for his faults. But suppose that, in this instance, the country conceived, as indeed very nearly half of its representatives did conceive, that the demand of this pledge was wrong, who is to be punished? the advisers of the King—Oh, no!—he has no advisers. Then will the friends of his Majesty have recourse to the other branch of that old Latin maxim in our constitution which we have just quoted, and say, that if the country shall think the demand to have been wrong, the King, who did that wrong of his own free will and without any advice, is King no longer—*non est Rex?* Surely they will not reduce themselves to so disloyal a dilemma. Then on whose shoulders are we to place the responsibility of the wrong committed by a demand which is contrary to

the spirit of the constitution? Why certainly on the shoulders of those men who have succeeded to the offices that were left vacant by the Ministers who refused to give the pledge; for the new Ministers, by accepting situations which his Majesty had signified his intention of placing in the hands of no men who should refuse that pledge, do virtually inform the country that they have come into power under an implied pledge, that, however imperious may be the necessities of the country, they will never do certain acts which may tend to the relief of those necessities.

These Ministers, then, feeling themselves bound by this responsibility, and not knowing in what other way to divert the attention of the public from their own delinquency, contrive a scheme through which they hope to profit from the personal feelings of regard which are borne by Englishmen to their King, and exclaim "that the late Ministers have been highly deficient in respect to his most gracious "Majesty." They do not go into the question of the propriety of refusing the pledge demanded; but they cry out against the indecorum of making known that refusal. They say that the Sovereign has been most indecorously brought before a tribunal of his people, to try an issue between King George and King Grenville: that the reservation of a right to bring forward the same questions whenever a future occasion should demand them, was couched in language most extremely unbecoming; and, that Mr. Pitt, when he retired from office on the same question of Catholic Emancipation, conducted himself with a magnanimity little practised or even understood by Lords Grenville and Howick. But surely the vindication of those noble Lords from every one of these charges is not a task of any very great difficulty. From the administration of which they were at the head, more had been expected than was ever looked for from any former government; it was said to comprise all the talents of the country, it took pains to prove that its talent did not outweigh its honour and integrity. These Ministers, under an impression of his Majesty's accordance, had introduced into Parliament a measure which they were presently compelled to abandon. And was it not necessary that they should give some reason for the sudden dereliction of an object so important and interesting to the nation? They felt that there was such a necessity. When a word of explanation could clear their characters, was it fitting that they should sit silently down in calm submission to the scornful sneers of a party who would triumph in their mysterious failure and insult their apparent imbecillity? No! A great man, if required, ought indeed to sacrifice power and place; but he never should, he never will, make a sacrifice of his honour. Then how has the Sovereign been indecorously brought before a tribunal of his people? Was there any thing derogatory to Majesty in the highly respectful explanations that were made to the country by Lords Grenville and Howick? Or, are we to conjecture from the very flattering terms in which his Majesty was pleased to take his leave of those noble Lords, that he felt their conduct either publicly injurious or personally indecorous? In the second place, as to the language in which Ministers couched their reservation of right, it is said, that no private gentleman, when treating of an accommodation, would employ such a phrase as "*indispensably* "*necessary*." But are not the persons who make use of this language in reality the degraders of the royal dignity when they let down their Sovereign to the situation of a quarrelsome fellow with whom an antagonist is desirous of effecting an accommodation?— "Surely," as it has been well observed by an author in whose sentiments we very fully coincide, "surely the royal dignity is above "equalization; and those terms which to a "private person in a private quarrel might be "objectionable, no longer bear the same meanings in a public representation to a King. "It would be rude and insulting to accost a "gentleman with *thou* and *thee*: but there is "no disrespect in those terms when applied to "the Supreme Being. In short, what is to "become of English liberty if the reservation "of a constitutional right is to convert a free-"man into a traitor?" The last head of charge is, the silent magnanimity of Mr. Pitt —a charge merely comparative. But we all of us know that when, upon the question of Catholic Emancipation, Mr. Pitt retired from office, his retirement was accompanied with a mysterious sort of understanding; the country expected that he was shortly to return to power; and, there is good reason to believe, that he himself expected the same thing; therefore, it would not have been by any means *prudent* in him to raise a disturbance just at that moment. So much for accusations and comparisons.

Ministers having in vain essayed all these methods of ruining an upright and honourable band of men in the opinion of the country, and finding all their stratagems totally unavailing to procure an effective majority in the House of

Commons, thought proper to dissolve the Parliament. Under almost any other circumstances than those under which at that moment they stood, they would have thought it more adviseable to finish the session, in order to conclude all that business which having been brought at an almost incredible expence to its present stage, is now completely thrown to the ground, either to perish entirely, or to be recommenced in a new Parliament at a new expence, and in order to prevent the disorders and difficulties which must arise in the sowing and cultivating of the land by the operation of elective disturbances at this unseasonable period of the year. But now they have forgotten the arguments which, at the time of the last dissolution, they so strenuously employed: they have forgotten that if it would be wrong to dissolve Parliament at the end of four years, it must, *a fortiori*, be infamous to dissolve it at the end of four months: they have forgotten all that they preached before, because it has suited their convenience. And how has it suited their convenience? Why, inasmuch as they are enabled, by a dissolution at this moment, to take advantage of the wicked and damnable cry that has been raised throughout the country against an ideal introduction of popery. Yes! one of the principal Ministers of the crown, one of those persons whose words, however unimportant in themselves, derive weight from an official employment, the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, ventured to go down to Northampton, and say to his constituents, "The "Church is in danger—and to preserve it from "the perils by which it is threatened, I have "given up my profession, and devoted myself "to the service of my Sovereign." The assertion was as false as it was foolish. The Church is not in danger; and if it were, is it the business of a Minister to come forward and alarm the country? Should he not rather endeavour to allay any little apprehension that may arise, than encourage and increase every petty pretence into a bug-bear? The Church in danger.—No, no! Does he tell us that Ireland is in danger? Does he alarm us upon that point? Nay, he is too prudent. He does not object to raise the flames of civil war in his private cause: but when, as is the case with regard to Ireland, public faith and public security have received a dreadful blow, then he comes forward to say that all the measures which are taken to avert the evil consequences of that blow, are measures prejudicial to the Church! Ireland is in danger: she demands the enfranchisement of her subjects! England is in danger: she requires the increase of her forces! But instead of remedying these defects in our constitutional scheme, and thereby securing a solid and durable tranquillity, Ministers tell us that all who contend for these advantages are the enemies of the established religion, and that the Church is in danger, thus preferring present discord to lasting peace: and then our walls are placarded with "*Curtis, "and the Protestant Interest.*" Insolent manefesto! has not every man the interest of the Protestants at heart? Perhaps the best answer that could have been made by the honest candidate for the City of London against whom the cry was directed, would have been "*Combe and the Protestant Interest.*" For surely that man is much more a friend to the Protestants who, by allaying the discontents of the Catholics, is enabled to employ them in the defence of the Protestant Church, of the British Constitution, and of all that Englishmen hold most dear upon earth, than he who endeavours to raise discontent and civil war where peace and harmony ought to flourish, and to plant barriers of eternal disunion between the different sects of his Majesty's subjects.

But the Ministers and their partizans, in spreading the favourite watch word of "*No Popery*," are in fact flying in the face of their Sovereign whom they pretend so highly to revere: the original advisers who counselled his Majesty to refuse the desired extension of right to the Catholics, may deem themselves fortunate in the secret line of conduct which his Majesty has been kind enough to adopt with regard to them, for they are in reality the people who have warped the mind of the King, and rendered it inconsistent with itself. Any man who reads the admirable letter of Lord Grenville to Dr. Gaskin, which was published in most of the newspapers, will be thoroughly convinced of this fact. For his Majesty, who is now advised to refuse commissions of a certain rank to Catholics, his own subjects, was nevertheless induced, only a little while ago, without the smallest restriction as to commissions on the staff, or as to any other distinction of rank, to open the army to foreign officers of all persuasions and almost all nations. He saw no danger in placing Catholic foreigners at the head of our forces, in investing the Catholic subjects of other crowns with the highest military trusts and commands; but he feels afraid to confer the same trusts and the same commands on the Catholic subjects of his own dominions. The distinction is undoubtedly flattering to Britons!

So much for the cry of "*No Popery*," and the apprehended dangers of Catholic Equalization; the principal instruments with which a weak and corrupt Ministry have endeavoured to work upon a deluded and ignorant mob. The opportunity of using this instrument while yet it was in its full force, before reason and reflection had succeeded to popular delirium, was the principal cause of the sudden dissolution: but there was yet another cause, subordinate indeed, but probably not without its weight in the Cabinet, we mean a certain report, which, but for the *very timely* intervention of the Usher of the Black Rod, who summoned the Commons to attend the House of Peers, must, as it is said, have made known some facts by no means honourable to a very illustrious person, who is thought to be not unconcerned in the political changes of the last two months. In the nature of these discoveries, or the extent of the culpability which they attach, we forbear for the present to enlarge; but we earnestly hope that when Parliament shall again assemble, not all the interest of Ministers, not all the cowardice of a hundred poltroons who giving five thousand pounds a piece for their seats, are powerful enemies to a dissolution, not even the high rank and situation of the accused party himself will be able to protect him from punishment and disgrace, if he shall appear to have deserved them. The Committee which produced these discoveries has fallen to the ground, because it was merely what is called a Parliamentary Committee; but we hope to see it revived, and revived with energy: so that even while we are groaning under the crimes and follies of our present Ministers, we may at the same moment enjoy, in other respects, the posthumous benefits diffused by the genial influence of our former government.

After all, there is one point of view in which the present Administration may justly be said to deserve panegyric on the Dissolution of the Parliament: it is, for the *very admirable disinterestedness and patriotism* which have induced them to grant to our constitution that inestimable and almost singly deficient blessing, a frequent recurrence of the elective franchise, and a consequent increase of responsibility upon representatives!

THE TRIFLER;

OR AN ESSAY ON ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

THE degeneracy of mankind has been in all ages a fashionable subject of declamation. In the oldest writings which exist, we find the same depreciation of the worth and talents of contemporaries, the same praise and admiration of ages past, that we are accustomed to hear now: they, who lived in the good old times, are represented to be monsters of perfection, and we pigmies in merit and giants only in the want of it: but at this rate of progressive deterioration, during so many thousand years, it is wonderful that we have any one faculty yet remaining, that we are not become small atoms of inert matter, unable to speak, think, or act.

Still, however sanctioned by age this general opinion may be, I am not inclined to treat it with much respect: I consider it rather as a prejudice generated and kept alive by the envy and selfishness of mankind, who speak well only of those, between whom and themselves the grave precludes all rivalry. If the heroes, poets, and philosophers, whom we now regard with such veneration, were to live again, I dare say they would be found to be but shallow every day sort of fellows: nor would their Lucretias and Arrias appear so much to exceed in chastity and connubial fidelity the ladies of the present day, as some ungallant sneerers would have us believe. When their respective merits came to be ascertained by the scale of modern criticism, I have no doubt but that they would be estimated at a much lower rate than they are at present.

Admitting, however, the existing race to be inferior to those of old in personal endowments and the higher virtues of the heart, surely it is not too much to say, that we have gone far beyond them in the cultivation of the mind. Even within our memory, how widely have the rays of science been diffused; the mist that clouded it is dispelled, and every one enjoys now the genial sunshine. The human intellect seems, at the same time, to have proportionably increased in capacity, and embraces, as it were intuitively, a variety of pursuits, each of which was of itself sufficient formerly to occupy the laborious life of the most learned man. Nor is it a little remarkable, that in this race of knowledge, the female sex have outstripped their male competitors: though it is notorious, that,

of our grandams, few understood more than the œconomy of their kitchen, the theory and practice of pickling and preserving, and the art of compounding diet-drinks and surfeit-waters. In short, they were nothing but good housewifes; and their whole studies were directed to no other end, but that of making their homes comfortable to their husbands and friends. How different the pursuits of the present day! Where shall we look for ignorance now? or who trouble themselves about comfort? But fashion has done all this. It is fashionable to float on the surface of science, and who would not rather run the risk of sinking, than remain in the gothic gloom of ignorance?

These reflections must naturally occur to any one, who observes at all what is passing around him, but my present situation affords me every hour fresh proofs of their justness.

About a fortnight since, as I was passing along the Strand, I unexpectedly met my old friend and college acquaintance, Sir Harry Homedale. Our recollection was instant and mutual, though we had not seen each other before for nearly twenty years. But time had not changed the honest open physiognomy of my friend, and the pressure of his hand was as cordial as ever. He expressed, in his good-natured way, much regret, that our different pursuits had so long interrupted our intimacy, told me that he had been long and happily married, and spoke so warmly in praise of his lady, that I could not but feel some curiosity to see one, who seemed to rescue the female character from the reproach which some ill-natured satirists have thrown on it. Sir Harry gave me as favourable an account of his children, and I readily accepted his invitation to renew an acquaintance, which had always afforded me pleasure. As his carriage was then waiting, and as he wished to reach his home before night, we parted with a promise on my part, that my visit should not be long deferred.

At this season, I usually make a short excursion into the country to enjoy the maiden freshness of the year. The fields arrayed in their gayest verdure, the trees drest in the most lively greens, the flowers blooming a thousand brilliant tints, all around breathing hope and joy, those spirits must indeed be discomposed that do not harmonize with the scene. I resolved at once, therefore, to take advantage of my friend's invitation. As his seat is nearly thirty miles distant from town, and I am but an indifferent horseman, I determined to have the whole day before me, and mounting my horse, with the first appearance of the dawn, I passed through Hyde-Park gate, long before the most industrious tradesman had opened his shop-windows. I continued to ride leisurely on, amused rather than discomposed by the jokes, which the drivers of the stage-coaches that overtook me occasionally, passed upon my horsemanship, and found myself at the cross-road, which turned off towards Sir Harry's house, without having met with any accident. As it was now past mid-day, and the sun shone with unclouded brightness, I congratulated myself on my early rising, that had enabled me to reach so opportunely the quiet lane I was now got into, where there was no dust to incommode me, and the thick hedge-rows of elm and hazel effectually sheltered me from the heat.

After about an hour's gentle riding, I came in sight of the ancient woods that surround Sir Harry's mansion. Before I reached the park-gate, however, I had to pass a little stream, which, at this season, was perfectly fordable, though a neat bridge erected over it, seemed to shew that it did not always confine itself within such modest bounds. My horse, tempted by the cool and limpid appearance of the water, cast a wistful eye at the ford, and as I never yet could find a reason for not indulging the inclination of a faithful animal, when it does not even interfere with our own convenience, I freely gave him the rein. While he stooped to drink, my attention was attracted by a female voice that sounded near me. I turned my eyes to the place from whence it seemed to proceed, and saw, seated at the foot of a willow, that grew aslant the stream, a young female of interesting appearance, with a book in her hand, and a profusion of flowers strewed around her. The situation reminded me of Shakspear's pretty Ophelia, and there was something in her air and manner, that almost tempted me to think her senses might be in the same condition. She was reading aloud, and though I was not quite near enough to distinguish all that she said, I collected sufficient to understand, as I thought, that the subject of her studies was amatory: for she read with great animation and apparent pleasure, of a nymph, blessed with the love of five brothers, who, all equally favoured in her smiles, enjoyed her without the least jealousy or rivalry of each other. I was thinking who this author, so liberal to the fair sex, could be, when my horse, suddenly raising his head and snorting as if in dislike, interrupted my musing. I followed the direction of his eye, and just below me, at a little winding of the stream, saw, walking in the midst of the water, another

young woman, in appearance much like the other. From the hasty view I had of her, she seemed infinitely too pretty to frighten my horse, but delicacy forced me to withdraw my eyes, for the lower part of her drapery was tucked up something higher than even the denuding fashion has yet gone, and, indeed, from the river weeds in her hands, and the beauty of her form, she might have passed, in the age of poetry and romance, for the nymph of the stream. Judging from my own feelings, I thought it would shock her delicacy to find that she was observed, and I therefore passed on as quietly as I could, with my eyes fixed as intently forward, as if I had been calculating the number of pebbles that lay in my path.

I now soon reached Sir Harry's house, and was received with a smile of cordial welcome, both by him and his lady, who, I was pleased to perceive, was not flattered by the report of my friend. I did not see the younger part of the family till I met them at dinner. His two daughters only, the eldest of whom Sir Harry informed me was eighteen, were at home; his son, who was a year older, was at Oxford. There was something in the appearance of the young ladies which prejudiced me at once in their favour. Their air was free and unembarrassed, yet chastened with a becoming modesty, and the countenance of both was lit up with intelligence and good humour.

As we sat down to dinner I could not but observe the singular appearance of the table. Every thing was set out in a kind of geometrical arrangement, and I am certain I could have gone through the six first books of Euclid with the help of no other diagrams than those which were delineated upon the pie-crusts. I could scarce refrain from smiling when Miss Belinda, the eldest, begged to help me to a cube of plumb-pudding, and Arabella, her younger sister, added, perhaps I would prefer a custard hexagon, or a raspberry parellelogram. I was surprised to find the young ladies such proficients in mathematics. But this was nothing: every moment gave me fresh cause to wonder at the depth and variety of their knowledge. They drank chemical waters which, they told me, were of their own preparation. Arabella, who was rather inclined to a full habit, used a preparation of nitre, which, she presumed, I knew created oxygen, and on the absence or abundance of oxygen depended the fullness or spareness of the system. I perceived now that they understood chemistry and physic as well as mathematics, and wondered that the study of such abstruse sciences had not impaired the roses of their cheeks. But I found that they were equally versed in ethics, logic, and mathematics, and was struck mute by the clearness and subtilty of their aguments.

When the desert was brought in, the conversation naturally turned on botany, and I do not know from what feeling it was, but I blushed, when Belinda turned suddenly upon me, and said, "I believe, sir, you saw me gathering "aquatic plants this morning; I found some very perfect specimens." I answered that I did, and hoped she would catch no cold from walking in that manner in the water, and turning to Arabella, to conceal my confusion, I added, that I supposed it was she I had seen reading at the same time under the willow. She told me it was, that she had been collecting a number of flowers that grew in the meadows, and was reading in Darwin the description of their sexual system.

Soon after tea, Arabella, at the request of Sir Harry, took her harp, and enchanted me with her taste and execution, while Belinda equally surprised me with her knowledge of the theory of music, entering into so learned a dissertation on the diatonic scale, the music of the ancients, and the dispute respecting their acquaintance with counterpoint, that even Burney or Crotch might have been edified by her discourse.

In short, the whole circle of arts and sciences seem to be at their command, they appear ignorant of nothing. I begin to have a very humble opinion of myself, and feel, in their presence, as a truant school-boy in presence of his master: and when just now retiring to my chamber, I wished the worthy Sir Harry good night, I could not help whispering in his ears, that his children were prodigies. I perceived that his eyes glistened with pleasure at my words, and I felt some consolation myself in considering them something more than mortal, as it rendered my own inferiority less humiliating.

May 30, 1807. C

THE PHILOSOPHER.

WHAT an odious world is this! cried Timonides. What a vain assemblage of idle men who are working hard at mischief in order to escape the imputation of inutility, and tearing themselves to pieces by way of pastime! What a mixture! How much motion without life! How much noise without reason! How many words without ideas! Do not these abodes, which fill and empty themselves unceasingly, where all that is done is so soon obliterated, where all that is said so soon flies away, affords a simile of the Danaids' cask? I admire those who give up their lives to this tumultuous idleness: I admire those who prefer the society of indifferent persons to that of their friends, to that of their relations, to that of themselves. When one has lived a good while in this light chaos, one must renounce one's individuality. The perpetual collision perpetually snatches something from you: you insensibly lose all elasticity: of energy nothing is left but hardness, and of sensibility nothing but weakness. You so often hear the repetition of things generally agreed, that you believe them without examination. You let your mind be darkened with prejudices, because that is easier than searching for light. You believe, and decide, and condemn on hearsay. Happy, amid this whirlwind, are those who can resignedly crumble away their lives in business, in visits, in assemblies, and in plays, and who die without perceiving, that they have never lived! But more happy are those privileged beings, whom destiny has permitted to escape from all this torment, who live calmly in retirement, as in a safe haven, and who, turning their thoughts inward, can say within their breasts, let us at last make acquaintance with ourselves.

Such were the declarations of Timonides—and nevertheless the world still went on much as usual. Perhaps he would have had a better opinion of the world, if the world had paid him more attention: but as nobody minded Timonides he concluded that because people were indifferent they were therefore unjust. Fortune was kinder to him than he had hoped. The place under government which linked him to society was taken away from him, and as he just then succeeded to a little estate, he was free to indulge his taste for retirement.

How happy is now Timonides! he scarcely knows himself for joy. His friends congratulate him on his approaching retirement with an ardour more generous than flattery. Timonides buys a little farm far from all inhabited situations, and there he at first resolves to devote himself to rural occupations. But, upon second thoughts, he needs no occupation but the indulgence of his own reflections: they were troublesome to him in society, but they will be his best companions in solitude; and Timonides writes upon the door of his retreat: "*I am here alone and* "*that's enough.*" One may easily suppose that people took him at his word: nobody was tempted to besiege his door, any more than that of the man on whose door are said to have been these words: "Those who call will "do me a great deal of honour: those who do "not call, will do me a great deal of pleasure— "but certainly the latter bulletin was the more "polite."

Behold then our philosopher at the height of all his wishes. The first day he takes a walk with his thoughts, which soon become reveries: he thinks his garden too confined for his head. He leaves it and wanders in the meadows, making sweet reflections on the innocence of pastoral life, then comes in again to dine alone: He finds it a little strange to have no society at table but that of plates, glasses, knives and forks; but still he has the company of his thoughts. What could he do all the evening? He had not brought any books with him, because his own thoughts were to be sufficient for him. Besides, books! What can one find in books? "*Words, words, words!*" Timonides continues to *read himself*: when a man has once got upon a good road, he does not suddenly stop, and all night Timonides kept dreaming that he was thinking. Accordingly the night very closely resembled the day. The next day, he again congratulated himself that he had brought no books with him: but he considered that he might compose some. What a pity to let so many ideas be lost! Not that he wished to preserve them for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, but that he meant to keep them for himself in order that he might be able to find them, whenever he chose it, in their proper course and order. In truth, he did sometimes think that after his death somebody might find his manuscripts and publish his works: and though he had too great a contempt for his species to form a favourable augury of posterity, he could not help smiling when he considered that humanity would at last have the consola-

tion of knowing that she had once risen to the height of a Timonides. Behold him then, with his pen in his hand, labouring to prove that if every man had sense enough to turn hermit, the world would go on much better, and society be very differently governed.

But Timonides could not always write. Such vast ideas fatigue the best head, and there must be some moments of relaxation. Our hermit was often struck with an indescribable sensation on perceiving around him no motion, no life. To break through this uniformity, he established a chicken roost near his house, and a dove-cote in the yard. He had geese and turkeys, pigs and cows, and thought himself a great philosopher in preferring the vicinage of brutes to that of men.

At first he was charmed with the air of animation which this new society imparted to his little desert. However he began by degrees to lose this feeling. He could not read his works to them: he at last found a monotony even in the conversation of ducks, and thought he perceived a want of capacity in geese. Men, he considered, still were not equal to those creatures: but surely children were much superior: they are the best creatures in the world. I should like, said our philosopher to himself, I should like to adopt some children whom I could mould according to my own ideas; when brought up under my care, and according to my principles, they would be beings of another species. Suppose we try to find some that may be fit for the purpose—I must go to town, for a little while, at any rate, for I have finished my first work, and I am resolved to have it printed during my life, though it is not to appear till after my death: an author is always the most careful editor.

Now then we see our Misanthrope in town: we see him going to press: we see him adopting children: we see him amusing himself with newspapers. How! Is it possible? What need can there be of newspapers to a man who has renounced the world?—Oh, one likes to know what is going on, and to criticise other people by way of getting into good humour with one's self: besides, all that serves to pass away the time. What could one do on the banks of solitary streams, without cursing mankind?

In order to educate the children that he took with him to his hermitage, it would be necessary to take books too; for those of his own writing would not yet, for a long time, be within the reach of a child's understanding. He therefore takes down with him some of the most celebrated authors, and forms a library which he calls *The Children's Magazine*. At any rate, said he, as he sate among his little pupils, at any rate the most perfidious part of human nature is banished for ever from my retreat! Women shall never be admitted, and these children shall be my sole society. But however docile were these little scholars, Timonides did not think they had sufficient attention, sufficient aptitude, sufficient respect for his ideas. If I had children of my own, said he, the matter would surely be quite different, for they would resemble their father! What a pity it is there's no such thing as getting children without a woman! Must all my genius perish with me?

This last reflection determined him to marry: and returning by degrees from his paradoxes to all that he had been used to call prejudice, he gradually resumed the way of the world, though he still continued to think himself the cleverest fellow in it.

FITZWALTER, "OR THE SOPHISTRY OF THE PASSIONS."

(Continued from page 374.)

FASCINATION on Fitzwalter's part and maternal anxiety on Mrs. Orville's, made him from this moment her daily guest. She had still some new question to ask about her children, and he, with a well-framed invention, had always some new story of their attractions to charm a mother's ear with.—Ah! how little did she at that moment suspect, that in the hands of such a man as Fitzwalter, her very virtues became the engines of her destruction.

The day that passed without her seeing him appeared to Mrs. Orville cheerless and melancholy; even the society of Miss Rossmere seemed to possess no longer its influence in restoring peace to her mind. Fitzwalter, acting up to the motto, which from his first entrance into life had been his secretly adopted one, to "look like the innocent flower, but be the "serpent under it," was in appearance the devoted friend of Mrs. Orville, of her husband,

and her children, and when, with cunning ambiguity, he first determined to try the ground he was treading on, he began by hinting at Colonel Orville's irregularities; he said he did it to prove that the protection of such a guardian angel as he was now deprived of, was the severest loss he could have experienced—this first hint of Colonel Orville's irregularities from any other man than Fitzwalter, would have excited as strongly her displeasure as it awakened her pain; but when Fitzwalter, as if thrown for a moment off his guard, in a softened tone of voice, exclaimed with an apparent conflict between friendship and fascination, "Oh, had heaven but blessed me with such a wife, and with such lovely pledges of her attachment!" and at the same moment presenting to her a small sealed packet, and left the house. Her rising displeasure was changed into astonishment and conjecture—but a far stronger sentiment took possession of her mind as she opened the packet, and found it contained, besides a miniature picture, the following letter:

MADAM,

When endeared to me during my daily visits to your husband, for his own sake only, I loved, with almost a father's fondness, your little Henry. I took a slight sketch of his lovely features to accompany me to England. I was not then aware that he had such a mother as he has the happiness of possessing, or any one who appeared to take so strong an interest in this interesting original as myself. I have since then, Madam, been undeceived; and to her who can alone attach a greater value to the resemblance than I do, I now consign it, with this earnest hope that if her infant Henry should ever want a friend, or his mother a protector, she will remember

FITZWALTER.

The ecstacy with which Mrs. Orville traced every feature of this darling boy, could only be equalled by the gratitude she felt towards Fitzwalter for the possession of such a treasure—he now more than ever appeared to her the consoling friend who was to soften with the most delicate attention all her sorrows, and at that moment the first dangerous idea entered her mind of *composing* his attentions with her husband's neglect. Upon visiting her that evening, the artful seducer saw, with delight, in her the warm and ardent effusions of gratitude, something for his future hopes and proceedings to act upon. In a vacant hour, when the little Henry was playing round him one day, and he was cultivating the only talent he possessed, that of drawing, fancy led him to take a sketch of his lovely features, little aware that they would tend to any thing but the capricious amusement of the moment. The drawing was accidentally put up with his other sketches, and from the moment he felt the influence of Mrs. Orville's beauty, he determined what to do with the picture of her son, and completed the sketch in a manner that would have done credit to a better cause.

From this moment it seemed to be the silent bond of increased intimacy between them and the privilege of admission, at all hours, to Mrs. Orville's house, as well as to that marked attention to her which at length alarmed the delicate and pure mind of Miss Rossmere, not for the virtue, but the happiness of her friend; and she therefore determined to watch Fitzwalter's conduct with an eye of observation that till now she had never directed towards him. His hints of Colonel Orville's misconduct in India were often artfully introduced into conversations; whilst the mention of his wife's virtues at the same moment served as a veil to his specious designs; and these, so often repeated, observations left on Mrs. Orville's face at length, instead of any apparent displeasure, the tear of regret; and the wish no longer suppressed "that heaven had blessed her with such a husband as Fitzwalter." She received almost with indifference a second letter from Colonel Orville, with excuses for his protracted stay in India, and the promise of soon *sending* his children over to her. The coldness with which she now read the news of lengthened absence, was resolved by her into wounded pride, into neglected tenderness—into every thing, alas! but the secret, the fatal and half acknowledged truth, to a sensation for Fitzwalter, which, concealed under the dangerous shelter of friendship for his services, neither awakened her fears or her scrutiny. In one of those visits, when he first saw with a demoniac satisfaction, the strong conflict in her heart, and, to excuse her to herself, she was mentioning her husband's stay in India, as an almost apparent desertion of her, Fitzwalter apparently suffering as much as the relater, as she did, who listened to him, told her the fatal cause of Colonel Orville's estrangement, and that he had left him in the arms of a rival who still supplied her place in his house and at his table, to the scandal of Colonel Orville, to the neglect of his duties, and the ruin of his fortune. What I feel, I owe to you and your children, who shall ever find in me a father, replied the arch-fiend, forbids my

being any longer silent. Teach them they have yet a father left in me, he said, taking Mrs. Orville's hand, and dropping over it a tear, which mingled in her own as it fell. She intreated Fitzwalter to conceal even from Miss Rossmere the news he now communicated to her; and, alas! thus fixed the snare that was now woven over her. Had she confided to her his story, she would have penetrated into the motive that led to its relation, and, acting upon the strong principles of virtue, she had reserved from herself, would have asked her, "if it was the office of a friend to point out to a wife the errors of a husband, or the misconduct of the father of her children?" The treasured sorrow in her own breast, combated only by the dangerous consolation of Fitzwalter, exposed her without a shield to the specious sophistry of the seducer, to the artful, yet cautiously introduced observation, that a heart like Mrs. Orville's, formed for affection and tenderness, wanted something to be kind to, some attachment to fill up its void, some one who could appreciate its virtues. These conversations, almost daily repeated, shook by degrees those strong principles of moral duty, which, till this moment, had taught Mrs. Orville, that in every trial the heart has a resting place in virtue, a celestial shield to guard it from despair. In one of those moments, when, with all the delicacy of friendship, Miss Rossmere ventured to hint to her, that Fitzwalter's visits, indeed his almost constant residence, had awakened observations to her disadvantage. She first dared to repeat the fatal lesson she had been taught by him, and asked her where she could have found such another friend? At the same time informing her, that letters he had that day received from India, had brought with it the fatal news, that, lost to every sense of affection to her and his children, Colonel Orville, dividing between the pleasures of the gaming-table and his worthless paramour, the relicts of his little fortune, had squandered away every thing and drawn bills upon her in England, to the amount of her whole yearly income; that Fitzwalter, a guardian angel, had offered to be a father to her children, and to adopt them as his own, on their return to England, which was to be expected by the next ship. This was not a moment for Miss Rossmere to add to the weight of such a trial, by inculcating any stronger doubts of her suspected friend, than by begging Mrs. Orville to disarm malice of its sting, by requesting Fitzwalter's visits to be in future less frequent. Alas! her delicate mind was little aware of the progress he had made in the affections of a heart hitherto devoted only to the exercise of every virtue and every duty. But she determined to watch Fitzwalter in future with a more observing eye, and, if possible, young as she was, to guard her lovely friend against his allurements. From this period Mrs. Orville's mind became a key to the sweetest trial it could undergo. The conflict between trembling virtue and hesitating vice—between a sense of her duty as a wife and mother, and the dangerous sophistry of the passions in the hands of such a seducer. It was a conflict which, indeed, stole the rose from her cheek, and the sweeter flower of conscious rectitude from her bosom, whether it had hitherto reposed, and shed its richest fragrance.

Miss Rossmere was at this period requested to visit an invalid friend in Devonshire, but so great was her reluctance to quit Mrs. Orville at this moment of trial, that she certainly would have refused the invitation, but that her place was to be supplied by Mrs. Orville's most esteemed and earliest friend, Mrs. Herbert; and in leaving her such a companion, she knew she placed her in the bosom of sincere regard and tenderness. Mrs. Herbert had, at the age of thirty-six, wept for the loss of the best of husbands, who had been her partner in the storms as well as the sunshine of life. His virtues had thrown their radiance over the former, whilst his happiness and his honour had been the bright beams from which she had caught the latter. Fitzwalter heard her intended visit mentioned with regret. He feared the presence of such a friend might interrupt his plans; but lest it should excite any suspicion in Mrs. Orville's mind, he resolved to treat her new guest with every external mark of attention. Mrs. Herbert soon saw that to Mrs. Orville's bosom peace was a stranger; but attributing this to the absence of her husband, and a separation from her children, she forbore to touch the string on which, she imagined, hung all her sorrows. She observed, not without surprise, Fitzwalter's frequent visits; but that surprise ceased, when Mrs. Orville mentioned him as her husband's best friend in India, and that he had recommended him to her most assidious attention on his return to England. She had known Mrs. Orville as the bright pattern of every female virtue in early youth, and she considered her still the standard of every female excellence. It was, therefore, not at all surprising, that no cold or inquiring glance was directed by her to Fitzwalter, exulting in the success of his plans, which Colonel Orville's conduct in India seemed to favour, rather than oppose, and which his wife's beauty made him every

hour more anxious to accomplish, he only waited some favourite moment for an unequivocal declaration of his passion. Alas, poor Louisa! too fatally had he already succeeded; the seduction of the mind was already accomplished: she had been insidiously taught the fatal lesson, that her *husband's errors would be a justification* of her own, and that his arms, no longer open to her as a shelter, she was to seek a refuge in friendship, a protection in himself. Such was the specious language to which she now daily listened—satisfied with the sophistry which she no longer attempted to oppose, she now found Fitzwalter's society necessary to her peace. Peace!—No; that was equally a stranger to her bosom in his presence as his absence. She who had been accustomed only to the peace of virtue, and the performance of her duties, could find none in a deviation from their dictates. Whenever Fitzwalter read in her face the conflict of her heart (and whilst he did read it, it heightened his triumph rather than justified his pity), he began talking to her of her children, and of his future prospects and plans for their happiness.

ANIMALIANA:

OR, *ANECDOTES AND OBSERVATIONS RESPECTING VARIOUS SPECIES OF ANIMALS.*

(Continued from page 376.)

The Condor,

THE SUPPOSED ROC OF THE ARABIAN TALES.

This species of vulture which inhabits the mountainous districts of some parts of South America, but chiefly of Chili and Peru, is of a size so enormous that, from tip to tip of its wings, it has been known to measure nearly six yards. Many of its habits are described in Mr. Bingley's Animal Biography *, and several curious instances are there related of its unrivalled voracity and strength. The following account is taken from a work written by the Abbé Molina, who resided in Chili for many years.

"The name of Condor, by which this bird "is universally known, is Peruvian. In Chili "it is called *Mangue*. It is the largest bird "that flies. The biggest that I have seen, mea"sured fourteen feet and a few inches from the "tip of one wing to that of the other. The "back was white, but the feathers of all the "other parts of the body were black. The "neck is surrounded by a white ruff, the fea"thers of which were about an inch in length. "The head was thinly covered with a kind of "down. The beak was four inches long, "extremely thick, and hooked. The longest of "the toes was nearly six inches in length, ter"minated by a sharp and crooked claw, which "measured about twenty-two lines.

"The female is smaller than the male, and is "of a brown colour. She has no ruff round "her neck, but, in place of it, has a small "tuft of feathers on the nape.

"The condors build their nests amongst the "rocks of the most inaccessible precipices. In "these they usually deposit two large white "eggs. As soon as the young ones are hatched, "the parents supply them with the dead bodies "of different species of animals which they kill "for the purpose. In this respect they supply "the place of wolves, which are intirely un"known in Chili. They frequently attack the "flocks of sheep, or goats, which are feeding "in the vallies, and sometimes even calves that "are separated from their mothers. When "they seize upon the latter it is usually by "several of the birds together. They approach "the animal with open wings, strike furiously "at its eyes, and, almost in a moment after"wards, tear it in pieces.

"The inhabitants employ various stratagems "for the destruction of this ferocious and de"structive bird. One of the most courage"ous of them will sometimes lie with his back "on the ground, concealed under the skin of "a recently killed ox or cow. The condor, "deceived by the appearance, and mistaking "it for a dead animal, approaches for the "purpose of preying upon it. As soon as he "is fairly within reach, the man, whose hands "and arms are protected by the stoutest gloves "that can be made in the country, seizes "adroitly the legs of the bird. Several of his "companions, who had been concealed at a "little distance, now run to the spot, and de"stroy the bird by beating it with clubs.

* See vol. ii. third edit. p. 174.

" Another stratagem which they adopt is to " construct an inclosure with palisadoes of great " height. Into this they throw the dead body " of some animal. The condors which are en- " dowed with astonishing powers both of sight " and smell, soon discover the prey, and de- " scend for the purpose of devouring it. Their " voracity, however, is such that when they " have completley gorged themselves, they " cannot, without great difficulty, raise them- " selves into the air to fly away again. In this " case the palisadoes prevent their escape, and " they are easily destroyed by people who " have been lying in concealment for the pur- " pose." — *Histoire Naturelle du Chili, par l'Abbé Molina, traduite par Gruvel.* p. 247.

Wild Geese.

The wild geese which formerly passed the winter in the neighbourhood of the lake of Biecour, in France, were so numerous, that, frequently, in taking flight, they, in some degree, darkened the air. In this highly fertile district they were a dreadful scourge to the owners and cultivators of the land. During the day they were oftentimes to be seen by thousands in the corn-fields in the act of digging up, with their bills, the newly sown corn. At the approach of twilight, in the evening, they all rose up together, as if by common consent, and, in the course of a few seconds, the fields were cleared of them. On these occasions they took flight so instantaneously, as to make a noise (somewhat like an explosion) so loud that it could be heard to the distance of nearly half a league. The whole flock, after making the circuit of the lake four or five times, all dropped suddenly down upon the water, for the purpose of passing the night in repose. At the break of day they began their depredations as before.

Otho Fabricius informs us that, during his whole residence of several years in Greenland, he never saw any wild geese in that country. He had, however, been informed of two which were killed in the colony, but at a considerable distance from the place where he lived.

The Eyes of Birds.

A celebrated naturalist has asserted that no species of birds have eye-lashes growing round their eyes in the manner of quadrupeds. This assertion, however, is founded in error. The *secretary falcon*, several species of *calaos*, or *hornbills*, and the *African vulture*, denominated by Le Vaillant *oricou*, have all eye-lashes.

Herrings.

The United Provinces had formerly a very salutary law, respecting these fish. Every fisherman was bound by an oath, and a severe penalty, not to shoot his nets for them before the 25th of June, nor to continue taking them after the 25th of January. It is supposed to have been principally owing to this wise regulation that the Dutch herring fishery was in general much more successful than that of any of the adjacent countries. The fish were not driven from the coasts by the advanced guard of the shoals being disturbed at their first influx into the bays and harbours. It is well known that it may be, and, on the English shores, is very frequently the case, owing to the impatience of the fisherman who vie with each other who shall take the first cargo.

The herring fishery was formerly very productive in Prussia, Sweden, and Norway, but of late years it has greatly fallen off. This, in Sweden and Prussia, was owing not merely to the early commencement of the fishery, but likewise to there being no regulation as to meshes of the nets. The latter are oftentimes so small as to injure or destroy a considerable part of the young fry. The Dutch laws prescribed the size of the meshes.

Salmon.

The water in which fish are caught, as every one knows, has a great tendency to render them highly flavored, or bad, according to its quality. It is supposed to be owing to some unpleasant quality in the water, that the salmon and the salmon trout of the Baltic are always greatly inferior in excellence for the table to those of the same species that are caught in the North Sea.

It is said that salmon occasionally pass the winter in some of the lakes of Ireland. A Prussian writer is inclined to suppose, from this circumstance, that it might be possible to stock large lakes with these fish, provided there was a strong current through them.

Mackrel.

In the neighbourhood of the island of Teneriffe, there is a small species of mackrel with somewhat narrower bodies than those that are known in England. The inhabitants of Santa Cruz catch them at sea, in the calm nights, by torch-light. A great number of boats go out for the purpose, and surround a space of water, about a league in circumference. Several torches are now held out, the light of which is said to attract the fish from a very consider-

able distance. As soon as the fishermen observe, by their leaping about, and sporting on the surface of the waves, that a sufficient quantity is collected together, they cast their nets, drag them round the thickest part of the shoal, and by this means catch them generally in enormous quantities.

Pearls.

It is said that pearls are produced by an extraversation of the liquid with which shell animals are supplied for the periodical augmentation of their shells. Pearls are formed occasionally in all the testacea; and, in every species, they are of the colour of the mother-of-pearl of that species. Those of the *pearl muscle*, (*Mytilus Margaritiferus* of Linnæus) are, however, preferred to all others, from the circumstance of the mother-of-pearl being extremely brilliant and beautiful. The most valuable are what are fished for near Cape Comorin, on the Malabar coast.

THE COTTAGE OF PETER THE GREAT.

IT is the duty of every periodical publication to consult the immediate taste and feeling of the town, and if, from any particular circumstance, a subject, in itself, perhaps, unimportant, has become the general topic of conversation, it is not only the duty, but the interest of an editor, to furnish such information upon that subject, as he may have it in his power to procure. It is for graver and more systematic works, the product of time, and the intended oracle of ages, to compress and digest the different details of different periods into one consolidated and portable form, and lay by their salt meat for a long voyage; but it is our business to furnish the town with perpetual supplies of such fresh provision as may be most in season, and, for that purpose, to seize the whim of the day,

"And catch the manners, living, as they rise."

For certain reasons, into which we do not now think it necessary to inquire, the public have been induced to approve an opera, entitled *Peter the Great*; and as that great and illustrious monarch has of course become the subject of much conversation, we insert an anecdote which tends to display the affability of his character, and the amiable excellence of his temper.

When Peter the Great, at the commencement of the last century, had resolved upon the foundation of the city of Petersburgh, in the marshes of the gulf of Finland, he not only went to preside over the labours which this mighty enterprize required, but even gave his personal assistance as a labourer. In order to be perpetually on the spot, he had a little cottage built near the bridge which bears his name, which cottage consisted of only three rooms, all upon the ground, and it was here that he lodged with the Empress.

The master of a little Dutch vessel having learnt that the Emperor of Russia was building his new capital, and that much of his attention was directed to maritime and commercial affairs, resolved to go thither, in hopes of finding a cargo which he might re-import with advantage. One of his friends gave him a letter of recommendation to the overseer of the port of Petersburgh, and he arrived there with the first merchant ship that had ever been seen upon the Neva.

The Emperor was employed like a common workman in the labours of his Admiralty, when the Dutch vessel passed, with a salute of three discharges of small artillery. This novelty highly pleased the Emperor, who amused himself by talking to the Dutch adventurer, but without making himself known. As soon as the Dutchman came upon land, the overseer of the port, to whom he was recommended, received orders to bring him to the Emperor's cottage, as to the house of a merchant newly established there, with his wife. In order the better to play off this scene, the Empress dressed herself in the simplest manner. As to the Emperor, he did not need any alteration of accoutrement in order to disguise his rank.

The Dutchman having been introduced into the imperial cottage, was received by his host in a very hospitable style: some bread and cheese, and brandy, were put upon the table, and they began to drink and smoke. The Dutchman, casting his eyes about him, could scarcely believe that a man whose house was so shabby, could be in a situation to do him any service. The Empress, who had not yet appeared, now came into the room. The Dutchman, struck with her appearance, said several things to her which she received in a very easy way; and

then he drew from his coat pocket a piece of cloth which he offered to his handsome hostess, telling her, it would make good shifts. Peter, examining the cloth, and seeing that it was very fine, said to his wife, "Kate, thou wilt be as "proud as an Empress with these fine shifts." Catherine testified her satisfaction to the stranger, who asked her in return for a kiss, which she granted to him without much ceremony.

While all this was going on, the Prince Kenzikoff, the minister and favourite of Peter the Great, came in, decorated with the insignia of his orders, and presented himself before the Emperor with a respectful air, to consult him about business. Peter made some signs to him, and after some conversation, the Prince retired. The Dutchman, astonished by this visit, said to his host, "You seem to have very great ac-"quaintance."—"Yes," answered Peter, "and so will you, if you stay here eight or ten "days: there are plenty of noblemen here like "him you have just seen, loaded with debts, "and always wanting to borrow money of "any body that will be fool enough to lend it "to them. Be upon your guard against them," added he, "do not be imposed upon by their "dresses and their insignias, nor seduced by "their flatteries and importunities." The Dutchman thanked him for the advice, continued to drink and smoke gaily with his host, and made a bargain with him for a ship's freight; but just as he had concluded this affair, an officer entered from relieving the guard; and presenting himself with great respect, accosted Peter by the title of Imperial Majesty. Then the Dutchman, in great confusion, threw himself at the feet of the Emperor and Empress, begging pardon for the liberties that he had taken. Peter began to laugh heartily, cheered the suppliant stranger, bade him kiss the Empress's hand, and forced him to accept a present of five hundred roubles. He promised him also a freight, and ordered that his ship, as long as it lasted, should be permitted to enter the ports of Russia without paying any duty. This privilege made the fortune of the proprietor.

The cottage of Peter the Great is still preserved: the Russians always visit it with respect, and Catherine the Second had it supported with a brick wall, to shelter it from the ravages of time.

LETTER FROM DOCTOR ESPENBERG,

Dated on Board the Russian Ships which have circumnavigated the Globe.

Wampou, in China, June 2, 1806.

On the 20th of November, after a navigation of six weeks, we arrived in the road of Macao. The same day we escaped a danger which we were very far from suspecting. These latitudes swarm with a petty sort of Chinese corsairs, who sometimes threaten serious consequences. Their vessels are well armed, and the least of them, they say, sometimes carry a hundred men. We saw near three hundred of these vessels cruising about the isles, and the flotilla formed a spectacle which amused us the whole day. It was not until the succeeding day that we learnt they were pirates. Happily they are afraid of European vessels, which, warned by experience, are always provided with cannon for their reception. These scum of the sea have also cannon, it is true, but they are little acquainted with the use of them, and they generally carry their prizes by boarding. Above all things they fear the fire of langrage. Sometime ago a small Portuguese vessel defended itself from an attack of one of these flotillas, sunk some of them, and put the rest to flight. But it is not the Chinese alone whom they attack without hesitation; they have captured in the course of the year, an American, and two Chinese vessels. The history of these pirates is not uninteresting. The general discontent of the lower orders of the people, and the tyranny which the Mandarins exercise over them, were the first causes of the association of these pirates, who can be compared to nothing else than to the Lazzeroni of Naples. These Lazzeroni even formed a conspiracy at Pekin against the life of the Emperor. Their number, without doubt, is considerable; and they are so formidable that apprehensions were not only entertained of them at Macao, but at Canton also. Those who surrendered themselves obtained their pardon, and were sent to arrest their former companions. The day after our arrival we entered the Teipa, a sort of cove extremely proper for anchorage, being defended by the island which surrounded it from gusts of wind. Our *Comparador*, that is to say, the Chinese who

undertook to supply us with provisions, furnished us forthwith with every thing we had occasion for. Our vessel was speedily surrounded with a number of small barks laden with eatables and other articles to sell. They consisted of eggs, oranges, silk handkerchiefs, jackets, waistcoats, pantaloons, pieces of Nankin, shoes, boots, &c. &c. Our sailors, who had made very dear purchases at Kamtschatka, were struck with astonishment at the moderate price demanded for these articles, and seemed afraid lest they should let slip so favourable an opportunity of gaining bargains; but it was not long before they found that they could have them at a still cheaper market. We could not but commend the reception which the governor of Macao gave us. On the anniversary of the birthday of the Queen of Portugal, he invited us all to dinner. The entertainment was splendid; I counted more than two hundred dishes: but I was more particularly struck with the luxury and variety of the desert, the produce of both zones, being placed in great abundance on the table. The governor and the minister (the last exercises the functions of first judge at Macao) carried their politeness so far as to drink the health of every individual of our party. The English custom of drinking healths, every time they take wine, is in universal usage all over India.

The arrival of the Neva has obliged us to take other measures. We have sailed up the Tigris, and are in fact at anchor before the town, or rather the village, of Wampou, distant about three versts from Canton, where I hope to be in a few days. All articles of merchandise have increased in price; the Lazzaroni render the transport of them difficult, and the inundations have increased the raw commodities to such a price, that the manufacturers are obliged to augment the wages of their workmen.

In this part of the world there are many people who spend their whole lives in their boats. Not only in the river, but even at Macao, on the sea, we heard around us, throughout the whole night, the cries of children still at the breast. Hardly were we landed at Macao before we were surrounded by a crowd of Chinese, offering us their services, some of them in the quality of *Comparadors*, others as domestics. There were tailors and shoemakers with recommendations in their hands. We had infinite difficulty in passing this importunate groupe, and the women in particular were extremely troublesome.

ON THE DUKE DE MONTANSIER.

OF the minuter concerns of this great man, the more extraordinary when we consider the age and the situation in which he was placed, it is unfortunate that few records have been preserved; but if we duly consider those energetic expressions of his which have been preserved, we shall acknowledge in him one of the most striking characters of history. We subjoin one or two of his remarkable sentences:

"My ancestors," he used to say, "have "always been the faithful servants, but never "the flatterers of their Kings. This honest "liberty which I profess and boast, is an ac"quired right, a possession of my family; and "truth has come down to me, from father to "son, as a birth right and a portion of my in"heritance."

In his Norman government he had met with nothing but disgusts and vexations: when, hearing that a plague had broken out in that province, he announced his departure for his government. His family remonstrated against his resolution: but he answered: "As to me, I "think that governors are obliged to reside in "their provinces as well as bishops. If the "obligation is not quite so strict in all its rela"tions, it must certainly, at any rate, be "equal during the pressure of public calami"ties." Perhaps this reasoning was a little strained: but it was strained on the side of disinterested virtue, and even where it cannot be approved, must always deserve to be admired.

During the education of the Dauphin, in one of their conferences that young Prince took it into his head that his tutor had struck him. "What, sir," cries the youth, "you dare to "strike me.—"Bring me my pistols!" "Give "his Highness the pistols," said the Duke, coolly: "Now, sir, see what you are going "to do." The Prince falls on his knees. "You "see, sir," says the Duke, "to what a man "is brought by the excess of passion."

Nor did he give to the Dauphin lectures of policy alone, he taught him also the lessons of

the heart. Leading him one day into a cottage, "See, sir, said he, "it is under this thatch, in "this miserable retreat, that the father, and "mother, and children are lodged, who work "without ceasing, to produce the gold with "which your palaces are adorned, and who "are dying of hunger to supply the expences of "your table."

When he ceased to be tutor to the Dauphin, he said to him: "Sir, if you are a man of ho-"nour, you will love me; if you are not, you "will hate me, and I shall easily console my-"self for that."

Who does not know his famous letter on the capture of Philipsbourg? "Sir, I do not "compliment you on the capture of Philips-"bourg; you had a good army, bombs, can-"non, and Vauban. Nor do I compliment "you upon your bravery, it is an hereditary "quality in your house; but I rejoice in com-"mon with all the world, that you are good, "liberal, and capable of estimating the ser-"vices of the worthy: those are the points "upon which I compliment you."

All the greatness of this man was produced by the first saying of his, which has come down to posterity: "I will go to court, and tell the "truth there."

Such words the lovers of virtue may preserve in their memory, and perpetually repeat to themselves, as the lovers of poetry repeat fine verses.

THE DREAM FULFILLED,

AN ANECDOTE TAKEN FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF CARDINAL BEMBO.

THE life of man, as all the world knows, is divided into two different portions of existence, those which we spend awake, and those which we pass in sleep. But frequently we enter into an intermediate state, which, while it holds the body in a state of somnolency, permits the faculties of the mind to employ some portion of their activity. It is at these moments that we are visited with dreams and visions, to which we often owe our sublimest thoughts.

Dreams may precede sound sleep, as well as the interval between sleeping and waking: during the night we have them more or less pleasant. But there is, in my opinion, a great difference between the dreams of night and those of morning. Towards night the body is tired, and fatigued; the mind, in spite of its efforts, seeks repose, and expands itself in dreams on the subjects which have occupied it in the day. In the morning, the body is refreshed, and the mind, which wakes the first, is actuated with new vigour towards the objects which should employ it. If the dreams of the earlier part of the night relate to events which have passed before, those of the morning may be regarded as presentiments of the future, which often are realized, and which, as it were, conspire to prove, that the soul is of a nature superior to any thing we can imagine. What man is there, who, waking in the morning, does not see his affairs in the best light? Those perceptions of the soul which appear to out-run the action of exterior objects, are they not evidences of the superiority of our origin.

A pure air, a mild and refreshing temperature, are favourable to that gentle sleep which is so propitious to dreams and reveries. Tasso has well conceived it, when he says—

Ei venticelli dibattendo l'ali
Lusingavano il sonno di mortali.

These reflections on dreams may be pardoned: they do not furnish the least agreeable part of our being. I am far from wishing here to establish a theory of their nature; but these observations appear to me proper to precede the narrative of a fact, which seems sufficiently remarkable to be drawn from oblivion.

Italian literature, like those of other countries, has its printed collections of letters written by celebrated personages. In France it is chiefly women who have contributed to enrich their collections; in Italy prelates and poets. A collection filled with pieces of this kind, and all of them excellent*, having fallen into my hands, my attention was at first drawn to a letter written in 1512, by the learned Cardinal Bembo, to a nobleman of the Medici family (justly styled the Magnificent), Julien, Duke of Nemours, husband of Philibert of Savoy.

The family of Medici, destined to be the so-

* *Raccolta di rime e prose dell'abbate Taglia Zucchi.* Vol. 2. *Jorine stamperia reale.*

vereigns of Tuscany, had been exiled three times from Florence in an age; and thrice they had returned richer, more respectable, and more powerful than before. The Duke of Nemours, of whom we speak, was exiled in 1494, and did not return to his country till the year of the date of this letter.

The reputation of Cardinal Bembo, the rank of the personage whom he addressed, and the contents of his letter, have induced me to translate it. It contains the account of a dream of the mother of the Cardinal, which we shall see was but too unhappily fulfilled.

The following is the letter in question.

" *MAGNIFICENT LORD!*

" I reply to the letter in which you express " a desire to know the nature of my mother's " dream, which revealed to her in the night " what was to happen to me the following day. " To gratify your curiosity, I add to the dream " an account of its accomplishment.

" At the time when my father was the ambassador of your nation at Rome, under the " pontificate of Pope Innocent, I was detained " at Venice, with my mother, by a law-suit " which our family had to maintain against a " gentleman, our countryman, named Simon " Goro. This Goro often sent one of his nephews, named Giusto, to plead in his name " against me. One morning, as I was coming " out of my chamber, holding in my hands " some papers which were to be presented to " the magistrate who had cognizance of our " suit, I met my mother, who accosted me, " and asked me where I was going? On informing her, she recommended me to have no " disputes that day with Giusto, but to content " myself with delivering my papers to the " judge in his presence. She renewed her entreaties so often to me on this subject, that it " appeared to me remarkable, and I could not " help asking her the reason. ' I will tell you' " answered she,—' I have dreamed this night " ' that Giusto wounded you in the right hand. " ' You know how often my dreams have come " ' true; therefore I beseech you, my dear " ' child, endeavour to avoid having any in- " ' tercourse with this man.' She dismissed " me, and I went to the court.

" Having met Giusto, I accosted him amicably, and shewing him the papers which I " had about me, I told him that I was going " to deliver them to the judges. Giusto, older " than I by some years, had already injured " his reputation, and even affected his intellects by his bad conduct. " He snatched the " papers out of my hand, turned me round by " the shoulders, ran out of the court, and betook himself to his heels. My papers being " the only things necessary for judgment, I " walked overwhelmed with affliction towards " the Rialto, which is the most public promenade of Venice. I was not long there " before I met Giusto, after the trick he had " played me, who approached me with a " mocking air; the matter went so far that I " left my seat, and we drew our swords. My " adversary, although a cripple, wounded me " in the second finger, on the right hand, and " the stroke was so direct on the first joint, that " little more, and I must have lost it. Thus " was my mother's dream fulfilled, which I " regard rather as a revelation; and I vow to " you, Magnificent Lord, by the veneration " which we owe to God himself, that my narrative contains nothing but the simple truth."

After this letter, what, let me enquire, are the laws which can reconcile the movements of the imagination with the accidents of human life? The mystery is beyond our knowledge. The dupes too often of an unbounded credulity, let us confess that we may also be the dupes of our incredulity.

SOME REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF DELICACY OF SMELL.

Extracted from the Memoirs of the Academy of Copenhagen.

THE blind man of Utrecht, of whom Boyle speaks, and many others, were able to distinguish colours by the touch. It is not less singular that some can distinguish metals by their smell. Martial speaks of a man named Mamurra, who had but to consult his nose whether the brass which was brought him was pure Corinthian brass or not. There are some Indian merchants who possess a still more delicate faculty of smelling, for, according to the relation of some travellers, if a piece of money be given them, they have only to smell at it to ascertain its goodness and value, without using the touchstone, scales, or dissolvants. If a piece of cop-

per, plated over with silver, be given to them, they discover the artifice by the same means.

There have been in Europe some persons whose sense of smelling has not been less subtile and delicate. Marco Marci speaks of a monk of Prague, who, if any thing was put into his hands, could distinguish by the smell, as certainly as a dog with a good nose, to whom it belonged, or through whose hands it had passed. It is even pretended, that, by the same sense, he could discover virtuous and vicious people, and particularly persons addicted to gallantry. This monk was devoted to the study of natural philosophy: Among other works which he undertook, he proposed to publish a collection of observations on the sense of smelling, after the manner of those which have long since been published on optics and acoustics. For this purpose he divided smells into distinct classes, and gave to each of them a characteristic name. But a premature death hindered him from carrying this design into execution, and cut him off in the midst of his curious researches.

The guides who accompany travellers in the route from Smyrna, or Aleppo to Babylon, have no signs in the middle of the desert to designate their course. But they judge of the distance they are off from Babylon, even in the darkest nights, by a sure method, which is by smelling the sand. Perhaps the scent of certain little plants growing there, may furnish them with the means of judging.

Physicians, when visiting a sick person, before having seen them often, form a prognostic of the issue of the disease, by the cadaverous smell which reaches them: But in this respect the dog far surpasses man. These animals, acquainted with the scent of death before the sick person expires, express their emotions in loud cries. When I was resident at Ripen, seven years ago, I remarked a little brown dog, who announced in this way the death of several sick persons, and never, to my knowledge, was deceived as to the event. I have known a man who was bit by a mad dog, who recognised his friends at a great distance by smell, before he could distinguish them by sight.

A lady of my acquaintance had an ape, to which she was greatly attached; the animal, in return, was fond of his mistress, and seldom could be persuaded to leave her. On a sudden he changed his disposition on account of a malady which the subtilty of his organs of smell led him to detect and fear. The measles raged in the country, and his mistress caught them. Some days before they appeared, and when no symptoms of the distemper were discernible, the ape suddenly left the person to whom he was so much attached, and would no longer enter her apartment, as if the delicacy of his sense of smelling had informed him of the approach of the contagious malady with which she was threatened. When she recovered, he returned to her with his usual familiarity and fondness. Some time after, this same lady had a slight fever, without any bad symptoms. The ape staid constantly with her, and kept her company. It may be affirmed, that he was thoroughly sensible of the difference between the two diseases. This presentiment might have been useful to his mistress, if it be true, as it is said, that the lion eats the flesh of the ape to cure him of a fever.

When I was in Italy, at Rome, I made an agreement with some other persons to take a journey to Naples. We set off together, to the number of thirty-two, all mounted on horseback, and proceeding in a body, for the purpose of defending ourselves against certain bands of assassins, known by the name of banditti, which infested the high roads. The third day of our journey, one of the horses of our little troop became so tired that it had great difficulty in keeping pace with us, and from time to time was unable. The gentleman who mounted him knew not how to act, when, on a sudden, the animal seemed to recover its spirits and acquire fresh strength; but his lassitude soon returned, and the rider found himself in his former perplexity. Surprised at these changes from vigour to debility, and wishing to ascertain the cause of them, he remarked, at length, that his horse went very well when he followed a mare on which one of the company was mounted, but when he was at any distance from her, his weariness returned. The gentleman, in consequence, followed at the heels of the mare; and from that time his horse, excited by her smell, proceeded on with all the vigour he could desire, to the end of our journey, without ever obliging him to stop or separate from the rest of the company.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

RETROSPECT OF LITERATURE,

FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.

IN taking a retrospect of domestic literature for the last seven years, it is not of much consequence under what head we commence our review. Epic poetry has usually been ranked as the first rate production of the human mind; but of this species of composition, neither the time to which we confine our retrospect, nor the age in which we live, have produced any thing that deserves to be remembered. We shall, therefore, without being very studious to give each class of literature its due precedence, proceed first to the examination of the principal historical works that have appeared within the period to which we confine ourselves.

HISTORY.

Of late years, a more than usual proportion of historians have appeared candidates for the public favour; and, if posterity does not inform itself accurately of the course and character of the occurrences, civil, military, commercial, and religious, which have marked the present eventful period, the want of information must be attributed to some other cause than want of historians. The reign of his present Majesty, within a very few years, has called forth the talents of five historians, some of them Doctors; but as we might chance to confer diplomas on those who are not really entitled to that honour, we shall give their names under the compendious phrase of Messieurs Adolphus, Belsham, Bisset, Coote, and Macfarlane. We are well aware of the difficulties of contemporary history; party prejudice and partiality disfigure both the characters and events which pass under our eyes; each one has his favourite men and favourite measures, and is diligent to recommend his own scheme of politics. But these are unavoidable faults, and he must be a cold-blooded writer, indeed, who, in times like the present, could be entirely free from them. Of the historians of our own country, that we have named, the preference is certainly due to Mr. Belsham. He is a spirited and elegant writer, and his volumes form the best supplement to those of Hume and Smollet, that have yet appeared.

Mr. Stevens's "*History of the Wars which arose out of the French Revolution, from* 1792 *to the General Peace in* 1802," is likewise deserving of respectful notice, and does credit to English literature. Unhappily the storm of that great civil convulsion is not yet blown over, and fresh wars have arisen for the historian to record; but up to the period which Mr. Stephens's work embraces, it is the most satisfactory that has been published.

The last volume of "*The History, Civil and Commercial, of the British Colonies in the West Indies*," by Bryan Edwards, Esq. and his concluding labour, that good man, and elegant writer, dying ere the last sheet was revised for the press, appeared likewise within this period, and, with the volumes that precede it, form a complete survey of the British possessions in that quarter. His review of the transactions of the British Army in St. Domingo, during the years 1795, 6, 7, and 8, until the final evacuation of the island, cannot be too frequently held out to the view of those, who, senselessly, call for West India expeditions, and accuse Government of imbecility and supineness, because the flower of our troops are not sent to perish miserably under the pestilential influence of a burning climate. Between the latter end of April, 1795, and April 1796, 9,800 troops had landed in St. Domingo; and within the space of a few following months, a further reinforcement had arrived of about 7,000. "But what avails," to use Mr. Edwards's own words, "but what avails the best "concerted schemes of human policy against "the dispensations of Divine Providence? A "great part of these gallant troops, most of "them in the bloom of youth, were conveyed "with little intermission, from the ships to "the hospital—from the hospital to the grave. "Of the 82d regiment, no less than 680 became "victims to the climate, within the short space "of ten weeks after their landing. In one of "its companies, no more than three rank and "file were fit for duty. Hompesch's regiment "of hussars were reduced, in little more that "two months, from 1000 to 300; *and the* 96*th* "*regiment perished to a man!* By the 20th of

" September, 1796, the registers of mortality " displayed a mournful diminution of no less " than 7530 of the British forces only; and to- " wards the latter end of 1797, out of the whole " number of troops, British and foreign, which " had landed and were detained in this devoted " country, during that and the two preceding " years (certainly not far short of 15,000 men) " I am assured that not more than 3000 were " left alive, and in a condition for service."*

" *The History of the Rebellion in the year* 1745," by John Home, Esq. the celebrated author of the tragedy of Douglas. It is a singular fact, that this is the first regular history of a rebellion, which had for its object no less than the restoration of the Stuarts to throne of these realms, an object the accomplishment of which, at one time, seemed by no means improbable. Mr. Home was an eye witness of some of the events he describes, being taken prisoner by the rebels at the battle of Falkirk. In general, Mr. Home may be considered as an impartial historian; but it is evident (notwithstanding the length of time that has elapsed since the rebellion, and the utter extinction of all the hopes of the house of Stuart in the breasts of the most enthusiastic of their partizans, the last of that family, the venerable and afflicted Cardinal York, being at this moment actually a pensioner of the British Government), that he writes under the influence of caution, and therefore the conduct of the Duke of Cumberland, at the battle of Culloden, and the use which he made of his victory, are hastily passed over.

" *Ancient and Modern Malta*," has found an historian in a knight of the order, the Chevalier Louis De Boisgelin, who, if he is not so fascinating and elegant a writer as the Abbé Vertot, possesses superior sources of information, and may, therefore, be considered as superior authority. The work is divided into two parts. The first includes a geographical description of the island, together with the different monuments of the arts still remaining, the government, administration, natural history, trade, and finances. The second contains the history of the Knights of Malta, from the time of their departure from Rhodes, in 1522, up to the capture of the island by a British force in September, 1800. As Malta was the ostensible cause of the present war, and may be considered now as irrevocably united to the British government, the present work is an interesting and valuable addition to the scanty knowledge we had of that island previous to its appearance.

But the greatest historical work that has made its appearance, within the period to which we confine our retrospect, is unquestionably Mr. Roscoe's " *Life and Pontificate of Leo the* Xth." Encouraged by the very flattering reception of his former work, the " *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*," he determined to pursue his subject, and now presents us with the life of his second son, Giovani de Medici, afterwards so celebrated under the name of Leo the Xth, as the restorer of polite literature and the fine arts, and not less remarkable as the pontiff under whose reign the Lutheran reformation was accomplished. Mr. Roscoe has been so long favourably known to the public as a polite and elegant scholar, and a liberal minded writer, that he stands in no need of our commendations. Some critics have perceived, or imagined they perceived, a falling off in his present volumes, but we are unable to detect any sign of decripitude. The fact, however, we believe to be, that when Mr. Roscoe's first work appeared, it was praised somewhat too warmly, and the critics, not to fall into the same error again, seize upon this occasion to re-examine a little more attentively the literary claims of that gentleman. Be this as it may, we are thoroughly satisfied that Mr. Roscoe has not derogated from his former well earned reputation in his present work; and we indulge a hope that as the bigotry and ignorance of his late constituents have released him from the labours of parliament, he will employ his leisure in the cultivation of those studies which his genius, taste, and learning so admirably qualify him to excel in.

BIOGRAPHY.

" *The Life and Posthumous Writings of William Cowper, Esq. by William Hayley, Esq.*" form an important accession to biography. The events of the poet's life, his talents, his virtues, his singularities, and his misfortunes, are related by a biographer of varied literary attainments, and have powerful claims on the attention of every one who can taste the charms of Cowper's poetry, or have sensibility to feel for the sufferings of a man of genius labouring occasionally under the severest of human calamities.

One of the most curious, and we hesitate not to add, one of the most valuable works that have appeared of late years, is the " *Life and Age of Geoffrey Chaucer*," the father at once of

* The loss of seamen in the ships employed on the coast is not included. It may be stated very moderately at 5000 men.

English poetry and of the English language. We enter not at all into the previous merits or demerits of the author of this publication, Mr. Godwin; they have only to consider the work before us, and we freely abandon his metaphysics and speculations on government to their own fate. We read Mr. Godwin's Life of Chaucer soon after its first appearance, and have perused it, more than once since, without any diminution of the pleasure which it afforded us at a first reading. Not pedantically attached to antiquity, but with a reverence, we must own, and a certain mysterious bias towards "black letter lore," and the good old manners and customs of our ancestors, we must confess we were extremely thankful to the biographer of Chaucer for the exquisite and discriminating delineation of England as it was in the 14th century, that he has afforded us. We have, as has been already intimated, had occasion, more than once, to look into this work, and our approbation of it has been augmented at each reading.

We are likewise greatly indebted to Lord Teignmouth (late Sir John Shore, Governor-General of the British possessions in India) for the high gratification afforded by his "*Memoirs of the Life, Writings and Correspondence of Sir William Jones.*" If the present be not the best biography of this unrivalled genius, this consummate scholar, and excellent man, it is the only one the public can well hope to be presented with. Lord Teignmouth for many years enjoyed the friendship of Sir William Jones, and this work was undertaken at the solicitation of his widow, the daughter of the venerable Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph. We scarcely ever remember to have read a more eloquent or affecting piece of oratory than Sir John Shore's speech at the next anniversary meeting of the Asiatic Society, at Calcutta, after the death of Sir William Jones, when he first officiated as president of the society in the place of that illustrious Orientalist, and those who were pleased, with us, with the diplay of feeling and oratory which that discourse exhibited, will receive ample pleasure from the perusal of the present volume.

"*The Life of General Washington*," by John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States of America, has very superior claims on the public notice. It is written by a person in a high official situation in the American government, and with the assistance, and under the immediate inspection, of a gentleman nearly related to the general, the Honourable Bushrod Washington, his nephew. General Washington, though certainly not a first rate character, was a man of great endowments, and the conspicuous share he bore in the American revolution, will hand his name down to posterity with distinguished applause. The work before us is compiled from the most authentic sources of information, and the materials are put together with judgment and taste.

The limits of our work necessarily obliges us to pass unnoticed many articles which, perhaps, deserve to have more respect shewn them; but we are not conscious of omitting any of that description, and, if we have done so, we entreat that our omission may be attributed to any other cause than injustice.

AGRICULTURE.

The distinguished patronage which of late years has been bestowed on this interesting and important branch of the national economy, and the lights which have been thrown upon it by Arthur Young, Mr. Marshall, the Bath Agricultural Society, the Board of Agriculture, in London, Sir John Sinclair, the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Somerville, Mr. Coke of Norfolk, and many other persons of the first rank and distinction, have restored to its proper rank the first and most necessary of human arts. It is impossible for us to particularize all the valuable works which have appeared on this subject, but we can venture safely to recommend:

Mr. Young's "*Annals of Agriculture*," as a repository of agricultural information, superior to any in the English, or any other language. This work, so honourable to the talents and industry of its indefatigable and excellent author, composes forty-four volumes, in which every thing relative to agriculture in all its branches, the ancient modes of cultivating the land, modern improvements and discoveries, both domestic and foreign, the application of chemistry and mechanics to agriculture, in short whatever relates to the art, are perspicuously detailed, and analysed with a critical sagacity worthy of the first practical farmer and best informed agriculturist in Europe.

"*The Farmer's Kalendar*," by the same author, may be considered as an abridgement of his larger works, and, as the result of a long life spent in agricultural pursuits, with the most advantageous opportunities of acquiring information.

Another valuable work on the same subject, is Dr. Dickson's "*System of Practical Agriculture.*" It affords a complete view of the theory and practice of modern husbandry, and

those who may be afraid to consult Mr. Young's voluminous "*Annals*," or think his "*Farmer's Kalendar*" too condensed, by perusing this work with attention, may make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the principles of agriculture as a science, or of its practice as an art. Dr. Dickson's work is, of itself, an agricultural library, and the practitioner who refers to it will but seldom have occasion to extend his researches for instruction, on whatever subject, connected with husbandry, he may seek.

MEDICINE.

Two discoveries have of late years occupied much of the attention of the medical world, and indeed we may add of the public at large, both at home and in every quarter of the civilized world. The discoveries to which we allude are the Cow-Pock Inoculation, the merit of which belongs to Dr. Jenner, an English physician; the other, the discovery of a species of animal electricity, to which the name of Galvanism has been given, from the Professor Galvani, by whom it was found out.

The first of these discoveries has undergone a thorough investigation both at home and abroad, and it seems now fully established that the Cow-Pock Inoculation is an effectual security against the small-pock. There are not wanting, however, some practitioners who still decry this mild and salutary preventitive, and cases have been adduced of the small-pox taking place after the cow-pock inoculation. But in reply to this objection it is very satisfactorily urged, that in the history of the small-pox inoculation, there are several unquestionable instances of the recurrence of the disease in the same subject; these are anamulous cases, and before the discovery of the vaccine, it would have been just as rash to have rejected variolous inoculation, because one subject in fifteen or twenty thousand had been susceptible of the disease a second time, as it is now to reject the vaccine inoculation, because one subject in fifteen times fifteen or twenty thousand was unfortunate enough to receive the small-pox after vaccination.

The following facts, taken from the Report of the Physicians of the Vaccine Pock Institution, published in 1805, are, in our judgment, decisive on the subject. From experiments made by those gentlemen it appeared, "that "above fifty persons who had been vaccinated "from three to five years ago, and ten who had "been vaccinated at later periods, were incapable of taking the small-pox by inoculation, "in circumstances chosen as most favourable "for infection. For many of the subjects were "exposed to the effluvia from small-pox patients; they were all inoculated in three times "the usual number of places of inoculation with "efficacious and recent matter, and, with many, "unusual pains were bestowed to introduce the "matter quite fluid, immediately from the variolous patient. In these it seems fair to calculate, that not more than one, or, at most "two of these sixty persons, would have escaped the small-pox, if they had not already "gone through that disease, or its vicarious "affection, the cow-pox."

Dr. Willan's "*Observations on the Cow-Pox*," is a work which contains the sum of the facts relative to this valuable discovery, as far as they have been ascertained up to a very recent period; it is also written with accuracy and precision, and, as such works ought to be composed, in a spirit of calm and dispassionate enquiry. In this gentleman and Dr. Pearson the cow-pock has found its ablest advocates. Without their assistance Dr. Jenner's discovery might have rested in humble obscurity. Experience has now established the security of the practice, and the names of its opposers will soon be forgotten, or remembered only in association with prejudice, ignorance, malignity, and self-interest.

On the subject of the new animal electricity, Mr. Wilkinson's "*Elements of Galvanism* is the most satisfactory work that has appeared. He is perfect master of the subject he has undertaken to explain, and he has presented the public with a valuable and interesting history of it. According to this author, whom we may safely follow, "it was in the year 1790, that "M. Galvani, of Bologna, while making ex"periments with a common electrical machine "was insensibly led to the investigation of this "science, he published his discovery the en"suing year, and from this period it has been "very assiduously and successfully cultivated "by the philosophers of Europe. The science "is yet in its infancy, but there seems a strong "probability that animal electricity, or Gal"vanism, as it is now called, may be rendered "subservient to very important purposes, both "in medicine and chemistry." Mr. Wilkinson has devoted a chapter to what he terms Medical Galvanism, as it has fallen under his observation with such directions, illustrated by plates, as may be understood by others, who are disposed to make similar attempts. In paralytic affections it has often proved of considerable advantage, in cases of deafness also relief has been afforded by Galvanism; but Mr. Wilkinson has never succeeded in being serviceable in affections of the eye. "In involuntary "actions of the muscles," says Mr. Wilkinson, "I know of no remedy so efficacious as Galva-

" nism. In a contracted state of the fingers or " hands, however violently the latter may be " clenched, on the application of this principle " for the space of a few minutes, it rarely fails " to induce a relaxation. In cases of cramp, if " of long continuance, and even of *tetanus*, or " lock-jaw, it has afforded relief in a short " space of time. In contractions of the joints, " and in all cases of rigidity, it will be found a " very advantageous stimulus, which will " greatly contribute to the restoration of mo- " tion." Mr. Wilkinson's theory is, that the principles of galvanism and those of electricity are identically the same: that the former is the evolution of electricity from conducting bodies, and disengaged by a chemical process; while the latter is the same principle, rendered apparent to our senses by the temporary changes of non-conducting bodies to a conducting state.

For the present we must suspend our retrospect, but we shall resume the subject in our next number, and propose then to take a review of other branches of literature, which want of space in the present instance obliges us to omit.

THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE, VOL. II.

BEING THE LAST GROANS OF TIMOTHY TESTY, AND SAMUEL SENSITIVE; WITH A FEW SUPPLEMENTARY SIGHS FROM MRS. TESTY.

As overheard by James Beresford, A. M. Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

THIS fellow of Merton College is certainly a very merry fellow, and rather a witty fellow too; but wit and judgment seldom are found together, and Mr. Beresford, who has wit enough to write two volumes of Miseries, has not judgment enough to see that the first volume was too long, and that, consequently, when a second, totally unnecessary, is produced on the same subjects, the town will naturally exclaim, with the poor private in the song,

I have two wives in the army,
And one is too many for me.

Mr. Beresford conceives, as he tells us himself, that the design of his book is exceedingly moral: we agree with him in his application of Horace's well known maxim, that

—— *Ridiculum acri*
Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque secat res.

But then we are afraid this kind of morality will very soon wear itself out, for even dull and prosing good sense will be less fatiguing in the long run than the unconnected sallies of a droll eccentricity. Upon too much familiarity will grow *contempt*.

But while we blame Mr. Beresford for urging, *ad ut illis ducat*, the very flighty Pegasus which he has caught in the gardens of Parnassus, and pressing to so great a length a book which is no longer, we fear, to be valued for any thing but entertainment, we do not intend to deny that he has shown great humour and observation in the course of the present volume. But he has in some degree deviated from his original plan, inasmuch as many of the miseries of this second volume are so very extensive, that each, instead of a transitory groan, is rather to be considered as an essay on the ridiculous; and no bad essays would some of them have been thought, if they had appeared in the series of the Spectator. Mr. Beresford has also interspersed this little book with varieties incidental to the principal matter, in prose and verse. We will proceed to give a few extracts from the most prominant chapters in this volume.

The introductory dialogue is a wrangle between our old acquaintance Mr. Testy, Senior, and our old acquaintance, Mr. Sensitive, Senior, though, indeed, we ought rather to call the latter our *new acquaintance*: for, as he promised at the end of the last volume, he has actually dismissed all the fidgets which constituted his merit at first; and has become, in fact, little better than one of the multitude. In the first chapter, which treats of the miseries of watering places, we immediately observe the same leading and generally pervading error which distinguished the former volume, and which runs through all the present pages; we mean the insertion of Miseries which are not by any means the subject of merriment, but which, if they did occur, would fill the most reasonable mind with anxiety and pain. In this chapter on watering places, Mr. Beresford has, in one instance, gone beyond even the creation of real distress: for he has brought his patient to a situation in which both pain and pleasure are very likely to terminate for ever,

24, (T.) p. 23.

" The diversion of hunting in the vicinity " of the sea—with the constant chance of tak- " ing one flying leap, which you have never " yet tried, and which you would certainly " never have an opportunity of trying again; " I mean—over the cliff!"

There is also another misery in this chapter which is highly objectionable, because, from its nature, it cannot be incident to people in general:

30, (T.) p. 25.

" On the morning after entering your name " in the book of arrivals, perceiving with as- " tonishment that, wherever you appear you " are the mark of general whispers, accompa- " nied with a sort of curiosity equally pointed " and *unflattering*: till at the moment of your " departure the mystery is unveiled by a " casual discovery of the truth, viz. that you " are indebted for this singular reception to the " accident of bearing both the christian and " sir-name of the most notorious swindler in " England."

This might happen to a gentleman who should chance to be called Semple or Andrews; but how could it ever occur, as Dr. Watts, in his hymn book, expresses it,

" *To Thompson and Williams, and such pretty* " *names?*

Quere. Is *unflattering* an English word?

We sympathise, however, most sincerely in the miseries of

8. (T.) p. 17.

" Going into a raffle, which, unless you have " the good luck to lose, encumbers you with a " prize made up of fifty temporary toys—a " pair of child's garters—a gift from Brighton, " &c. &c. not one of which you can contrive " to be glad of."

The miseries of fashionable life are most of them such as every one, who ever moved in a fashionable circle, has been condemned to undergo; among the best are those by Miss Dorothy Testy.

9. (D. T.) p. 45.

" The joys of a *fete champêtre!* After you " have duly crowded all your walks, lawns, " and shrubberies with more company, and co- " vered your tables with more delicacies than " either can conveniently hold—the whole ap- " paratus of enchantment (including all the " *rank, beauty, and fashion*, which go into the " composition) washed away in an instant by " an unpolite deluge of rain."

18, (D. T.) p. 47.

" Being familiarly *abordée*, at a public place, " by a set of rural (not to say rustic) acquaint- " ances."

33, (By Sir Harry Neville) p. 52.

" In performing at a private theatre—finding " yourself required by your author, in the " course of your part, to fondle and adore a " lady who in real life has excited many of " your stronger passions, but—not love!"

The next misery we should be tempted to admire, if we could flatter ourselves that it were a probable one:

6, (Sir H.) p. 44.

" The awkward recollection which sometimes " flits across you as you are spiritedly staking a " few loose thousands at a faro-bank, paying " for half a dozen *chef d'œuvres* at a picture " sale, replenishing the purse of your *chère* " *amie*, &c. &c. that you are, at the same " time, throwing a harmless shopkeeper into a " jail for life, breaking his wife's heart, and " starving all his children."

But perhaps, the best part of this volume is that which immediately follows the miseries of fashionable life. It is entitled, "*a key to female perfection;*" and is, in fact, a guide to the most commonly practised species of elegant affectation, a little in the manner of Swift's directions to servants. In the course of this lesson, Sir Harry Neville, who is supposed to be the teacher of all these invaluable graces, takes occasion to observe:

49, p. 71.

" I have known a powerful effect produced " by a charmer, who having some fatal occa- " sion to allude to a *hackney coach*, and being, " of course, unable to understand its nature, or, " at least, to pronounce its name, has escaped " by describing it as "*one of those numbered* " *carriages, that one sees standing still in mid-* " *dle of the street.*"

This piece of *affectation* appears to us to have a great deal of *nature* in it: nor can we pass unobserved the whimsicality, which mentions, as one of the essential qualities in the definition of a hackney coach, the circumstance of its *standing still.* This mistake of the young lady as to the *motionary* or *stationary* value of a hackney coach, reminds us a little of an occurrence which we remember to have once witnessed at a supper party. A gentleman and lady from the country who had brought their rustic servant with them to town, sent the gawky lad to look for a coach. The boy did not return for a long time, and as the evening was rainy,

every body concluded that he had not been able to get one. At last simple Thomas makes his appearance, but without the coach. "Why, "what have you been so long about, Thomas," said his master, "that you have not brought us "a hackney coach at last?" "Sir," answers the boy, with the same want of information as to the nature and uses of a hackney coach that distinguish the affected fair one whom Sir Harry quotes; "sir," says the boy," "I could not get "none no where: for I called out to them as "was a going along, and they would not stop, "and I seed some others a standing still, but I "did not speak to them, because I thought "they was a resting."

Our author next adverts to the miseries of the country—a fertile theme indeed, and which, though he treated it in his former volumes, he has still found teeming with calamities. We will not recapitulate these woes; those who have lived both in town and in the country have necessarily felt the melancholy inferiority of the latter, and we will not here renew their sorrows; those who have lived in town only have lived happily, and we will not dash the cup of bliss from their lips by pictures of misery which, perhaps, they may never feel! and as those who have lived only in the country may, perhaps, like birds born in a cage that never knew the blessings of liberty, be unconscious of their unhappy lot, we will not here assist in opening their eyes to the dreary waste that they inhabit.

"—— *Infelices nimium, sua si mala, norint* "*agricolæ!*"

Sincerely do we always sympathize with *Trudge* in *Inkle* and *Yarico* when, in a distant climate, he laments the days of his town residence, in that pathetic burst of feeling, which begins:

"A clerk I was in London gay,
"Jemmy Jemmy linkum feedle:
"And went in boots to see the play,
"Diddle daddle diddle daddle deedle!"

Among the miseries of games and sports, the two following, extracted from the posthumous manuscripts of Sensitive, who is now *dead, as to misery*, are perhaps the best:

20. (S.) p. 94.

"At cards, "a winning adversary, who "suffers his exultation to peep through his "politeness."

21. (S.) p. 94.

"When dancing is resumed after supper, the "sufferings inflicted on yourself and all the "sober part of the company by the rampant "spirits of a party of young men, fresh from "the bowl, under the double inspiration of "love and the ladle."

Upon which that staunch and steady quoter, Ned Testy, who may be almost called by the name which was given by Lady Besborough to a literary fashionable of her acquaintance, a walking Elegant Extracts, Ned Testy observes:

——"Nor did his eye not ken
"The empire of negus!"

MILTON.

The chapter which follows, on the miseries of reading and writing, contains many humorous imitations of the style of newspapers, both as to their original matter and as to the favours of correspondents. Among the best of these we select, as particularly applicable to the present time, the begging letter of a candidate for a seat in parliament. We are sorry that Mr. Testy's preface to this imitation has turned out to be so little consistent with truth; for he says, that "the wise-acres are all chosen "at last, and so we may chance to be reprieved "from this misery for six or seven years to "come." He little knew, when first he penned that intimation, how soon his miseries, and the miseries of the country, were to be renewed. We shall not apply the following letter, by name, to any particular candidate, because we believe it was intended generally; but we think the City of London can furnish originals, of which this *fac simile* is no bad copy: we think that this great and chartered metropolis has sometimes been not without candidates, who, though they have repeatedly made the whole force of the House of Commons according to the situation of the majority, and changed their plan of voting as the ministers have been changed, yet have ventured to come forward with *a speedy tergiversation and soon*, to boast of their *political steadiness and uniform attachment to the principles of the constitution.*

"To the Worthy and truly Independent Electors of the Borough of ——.

"Gentlemen,

"The dissolution of Parliament being at "length announced, I humbly crave permission again to present myself to your notice "as a most unworthy, though zealous, candidate for the representation of your ancient "and honourable borough. Should I rest my "claim upon the sufficiency of my abilities for "this momentous trust, I should be at once

" obliged to abandon every hope of success. " But if, in this respect, I may be deemed un- " equal to a responsibility so awful; if, in my " former parliamentary career, you should " have sometimes found occasion to complain " of the imbecility of my judgment; if, in the " consciousness of that imbecility, and under " the pressure of an insurmountable diffidence, " I have at all times shrunk from the pub- " licity of debate, and left the field to bolder " or more flowery orators; if the perplexing " novelty of the circumstances into which " Europe has been thrown, have so outrun " the lagging conclusions of my reason as to " leave me, on certain debates of the highest " importance, almost without any opinions at " all; if, in the honest easiness of my credu- " lity, I have occasionally suffered myself to " be drawn into the support of measures which " I went determined to oppose, or to oppose " such as, upon the most mature deliberation, " I had conscientiously resolved to support; " if, for this reason, as well as from the infir- " mity of my health, I have unavoidably ab- " sented myself from the house during the dis- " cussion of the gravest and most critical " questions: let me, at least, enjoy the noble " self confidence with which I can defy the " most strenuous of my competitors to rival " me in the spotless purity of my intentions, " in the tried fervour of my zeal, or in the " incorruptible soundness of my political " principles. Should I be again honoured " with your choice, I hereby solemnly pledge " myself to an indefatigable exertion of my " very limited capacities, on every occasion " which may involve the dignity of my own " character, the welfare of my worthy con- " stituents, the security of our unrivalled con- " stitution, the prerogatives of my sovereign, " or the glory and pre-eminence of my coun- " try.

" In these proud sentiments, not unworthy, I " trust, of the characters of those whose pa- " tronage I boldly venture to anticipate, I " subscribe myself,

" Gentlemen,
" your unalterably devoted
" and gratefully obsequious
" friend and humble servant,
" *Champion Feeble*,"

These are the addresses, which, with Bish and the 20,000*l.* Curtis and the Protestant Interest, Solomon and the Balm of Gilead, cheat the miserable inhabitants of the metropolis at once of their money, their liberties, and their lives."

Another of the Newspaper imitations, though rather long, we subjoin, on account of the peculiar felicity of the vulgarity which it is intended to expose.

MATRIMONY.

" Matrimony being the happiest state, wanted, " to suit the advertiser, the following:—No lady " need apply who does not possess every accom- " plishment requisite to adorn the bed, particu- " larly a large stock of refinement and sensibili- " ty. She must have an ample fortune (nothing " under 1000*l.* per annum will be treated with), " quite independent and unencumbered, or she " must look elsewhere; the advertiser being no " common person, and no joke intended.

" She must have every charm of person, the " advertiser being particular in that respect; and " very fashionable and genteel, he being such. " Her age must not be over 20, and a warranted " copy of the parish register to be shewn, if re- " quired, to prevent imposition. If more than " the above age, 1000*l.* for every additional year " is not thought an unreasonable demand. The " advertiser is more precise as to the article of " finances, having himself met with unlucky " spokes in the wheel of fortune, and being past " middle age, does not care to begin life again. " Not being accustomed to confinement, expects " to be master of his own hours, and received " with a smiling countenance, though long away; " but the lady won't be solitary in his absence, " he having many children by former marriages, " whose education being wholly neglected, will " fully employ her time; and one being still at " the breast, a young widow with an infant, or " at least far advanced in her pregnancy, would " be preferred. Being a silent man, and often " gloomy from former crosses, he looks for a " constant and playful flow of spirits, and to " study his humours.

" Advertiser snores loud, but hopes the young " lady is a sound sleeper, and then not so mate- " rial.

" Has been used to wives who have not thought " much of reading him to sleep, being hard to " lull, and sickly from his cradle.

" Face and figure not remarkable—but per- " son no object in a man; however, not un- " comely in his youth.

" Any lady this may please, and answering all " the descriptions, will wait on the advertiser " at his apartment, in Smock-alley, Deptford, " near the Dock; he lodges at the Tallow " Chandler's, up three pair of stairs.

" It is recommended to apply immediately,

" or the opportunity may be lost; besides, the " advertiser not approving suspense.

" P.S. Being rather nice in his eating, expects " his wife will assist the cook, when company.

" N.B. Should the lady call when other gen- " tlemen are in the room, the advertiser will " easily be known by his dress, which he has " always worn, and is as follows:—Black wig, " combed genteel, with a small club tied close " up; purple coat, with horn buttons; green " waistcoat, with very long flaps; black ever- " lastings; blue worsted stockings, and cloth " shoes slashed for the gout.—To prevent all " mistakes, generally a pipe in his mouth."

Almost all the other principal component parts of a newspaper, and afterwards those of a magazine, are very comically imitated in the same way; and we have more miseries of reading and writing, more miseries of London, and more miseries of several other situations, which were the subjects of amusement in the former volume.

But when Mr. Beresford has ventured on verse, he has been most lamentably deficient, indeed; he seems to have run into that very common error, the idea that rhyme and poetry are synonymous words. Though the poem a man chuses to write be only a familiar epistle, yet it ought to leave a *tournure* totally distinct from that of prose: but the story told by Mr. Beresford's familiar epistle, is extremely uninteresting, and the language, from the constant attempt at whimsicality, is harsh and unpoetical. Nor can we bestow sufficient censure on the very vulgar and stale chapter on Tailors; the whole wit of which consists in imagining the mistakes that would occur, if no one of the ninth parts which are said to constitute a tailor, could act without the assistance of the other eight. As for instance,

14. p. 263.

" A lady, at whose house you go to dine, in- " troducing you to seventeen persons, naming " them one after another, and then saying, " I am very sorry, Sir, that I could get but " one gentleman to meet you."

We are at a loss to understand how Mr. Beresford, whose other miseries plainly bespeak a man used to the elegancies of good society, could ever have conceived so vulgar an idea, or fancied it possible for a moment that he should go out to dine with "*a lady*" whose company should be "one *gentleman*" and eight ninth parts of a *gentleman*, or, in other words, seventeen *tailors*.

At last our amusing friend Mr. Testy, falls a prey to his ruling infirmity, and dies in a fit of passion, because the scrivener does not speedily arrive, whom he has summoned to disinherit his poor son Ned, for not resolving to be as miserable as himself. Peace be to his shade! He was, indeed, as Mr. Beresford calls him, a *fiery* collector of sorrows; but now that he has burnt himself out, may the Miseries of Human Life, which, phœnix-like, have sprung from his ashes, long as the author has hoped, continue to divert the old and teach the young, so Mr. Testy shall not have died in vain, nor Mr. Beresford have been a wit to no purpose.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE INTERESTING STRANGER:

OR LINES OCCASIONED BY THE RE-APPEARANCE OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT COURT, ON THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1807.

" A Stranger from her native Land she came,
" Her dow'ry Beauty—and her passport Fame."

When Treachery's spell, thro' murky darkness spread,
Throws his chill mists round Virtue's awful head,
Swells Rumour's blast with his malignant pow'r,
And cloud's the joy of Beauty's morning hour,
What favor'd Genius of auspicious birth
Shall sweep Detraction from th' indignant earth?
Hurl the fell spirit from its dark career,
And pierce the Demon with Ithuriel spear?
Fair Star of Brunswick! when with feelings new,
You bade the pleasures of your home adieu,
Midst Grandeur's bow'rs with prouder step to tread,
O'er stranger clime the light of love to spread,
On your dim gaze as died your hills away,
Thus swelled the strains of Hope's enchanting lay:
" Fair Star of Brunswick pour the sigh no " more!"
" Thine are the pageant rites on yon proud shore;

" Love, myrtle crown'd, the bridal couch prepares,
" And Honour's form the vest of hymen wears.
" Hark! the sweet voice of Pleasure swells the gale!
" Lift, timid beauty, lift the shadowy veil;
" O'er the fair orient of thy cheeks soft glow,
" Thro' the fond tumult of thy bosom's snow,
" The melting thrill of happiness shall steal,
" And the chaste visions of delight reveal.
" Proud float the streams on the blue serene,
" The wild waves crowd around their destin'd
" Queen,
" Heaven's concave echoes with the loud ac-
" claim
" That welcomes beauty to the halls of Fame."

Thus sung the Syren, and you, fearless, gave
The smiles of beauty to the wafting wave;
With brighter lustre Brunswick's genius shone,
And Love, and Britain, hail'd you for their own.
The hand of Treachery from its cave may throw
The shaft of malice, steep'd in poison'd woe,
But Britain's guardian Genius, in disdain,
Shall 'whelm the boast of Treachery's pow'rless reign;
For never, yet, did injur'd Love appear
Haughty in wrongs, or bath'd in Virtue's tear,
And never, yet, did Beauty's glowing form
Nobly defy the undeserved storm,
But Britain's Genius, with indignant breast,
Threw his broad ægis over the opprest,
Flash'd on the foe the retributive fire,
And bade his ineffectual rage expire.
Fair Star of Brunswick! by the beams that grace
The towering fame of your illustrious race,
By the dread guard the voice of honour draws
Around the *Princess* and the *Stranger's* cause.
O'er Envy's snare shall Virtue proudly rise,
And truth proclaim her triumph to the skies;
And Time's long annals to the world shall shine,
Bright with the glories of your future line.

Thus, in his pride, the rising lord of day
Breaks phalanx'd clouds with his supernal ray,
Pursues thick vapours o'er the mountain spread,
And twines a wreath of sunbeams round his head;
Till morning marks a triumph radiance spring,
Lifts her glad eye, and waves her dazzling wing;
Shakes dewy odours from her laughing flow'r,
And wakes the music of her minstrel hour.

OBERON.

L'AMANT MALHEUREUX.

Du Dieu d'amour j'abandonne l'empire,
Qui n'eut jamais pour moi que des rigeurs;
J'ai trop long tems enduré le martyre,
J'ai trop long tems hélas! versé des pleurs.

Tu sais Amour, j'adore une cruelle,
Que tu forma pour m'imposer la loi;
Ah! rends moi donc insensible comme elle,
Ou bien rends la sensible comme moi.

O! vous Amants qui cherissent vos chaines,
Et qui pouvez contenter vos desirs.
Vous ignoriez si l'Amour a des peines,
Et moi j'ignore s'il a des plaisirs.

TO HENRY.

When o'er thy cheek the fearful hue
Of wan disease was spread,
None heard the boding sighs I drew,
None marked the tears I shed.

I might not ask, with guardian care,
Around thy couch to bend;
My doom was silence and despair,
An *unacknowledged* friend.

Yet oft thy dwelling I descried,
Of thee some tidings sought;
And, ah! how vainly strove to hide
The tumults of my thought.

And ever as mine eager ear
It ceaseless vigil kept,
So, still to thee in spirit near,
I trembled and I wept.

But now my tears no longer roll,
Since health returns to thee;
Thou liv'st, oh! monarch of my soul,
Tho' ne'er to live for me.

Thou liv'st—and adverse fates no more
My spirit shall appal;
Thou liv'st, whose image I adore,
Soul of my world—my all.

The selfish hope, the sordid fear,
I from this hour resign,
Nor ask of Heav'n a bliss more dear,
Than still to muse on thine.

Too blest might I my parting pray'r
To thee alone bequeathe;
Whilst thou, upon my dying ear,
One tender sigh should'st breathe.

Thrice blest, if, in a purer clime,
Thy friendship I may claim;
With love, unchang'd by fate or time,
Immortal as thy fame.

THEOBALIUS.

A PISCATORY ECLOGUE.

" *Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur*
" *Majestas et amor.*" OVID.

Now hush'd the noisy tumult of the town;
Now slowly home the sons of pleasure creep;
Now some (unequal fate!) on beds of down,
Whilst others on *bare* boards are doomed to sleep.

But Love, dire foe to Morpheus' pleasing sway,
Refus'd poor Tom that sleep he ill could spare,
Who, in his smack thus tun'd his amorous lay,
And breath'd his sorrows to the midnight air:

" O fairest nymph of Billingsgate's *fair* crew,
" With thee sweet maid what Wapping *belle*
" can vie;
" Sleek as an eel, but ah! as sleepery too,
" Sound as a *roach*, and sweet as *salmon fry*.

" How beats this heart, just tho' my ribs
" 'twould break;
" To stop my ears, but ah! in vain I strive,
" When'ere I hear her lov'd harmonious squeak
" Of Mackerel! Mackerel! all alive! alive!

" Heavens how I gaze! oh, how this bosom
" glows!
" How can I paint the ecstacies I feel,
" When peeping thro' her old black worsted
" hose,
" Her slip-shod shoe displays her naked—heel!

" Talk not to me of bosoms white as snow,
" Mere tricks of art to hide a sallow skin:
" Can rouge, cosmetics, lotions, e'er bestow,
" That healthful bloom which follows drinking
" —gin?

" This gives her cheek the sweet carnation's
" dye,
" Paints with the diamond's blaze her blushing
" —*nose*,
" Adds fire and vigour to her sparkling eye,
" And gives her breath the fragrance of the rose.

" Oh, with what lustre beams her *pea-green* eye,
" For Heaven in pity gave her only one,
" But there such darts and laughing Cupids lie,
" Would for my comfort she were bless'd with
" —none.

" Almighty Love! before I felt thy sway,
" No *shark* possess'd an appetite like me,
" Now like a *shrimp* I'm grown I pine away,
" Just like a *salmon* that has left the sea.

" These hands which labour never once could
" tire,
" Now *peg'd* like *lobster's* claws won't reach
" my head,
" I sigh like *cockles* roasting at a fire,
" Flat as *flounder*, as an *herring* dead."

Thus sang poor Tom, and heavy'd two piteous
sighs,
'Till wearied nature woo'd her last repose,
Sleep shed her poppies o'er his closing eyes,
And *Thames-street* echoed to his vocal—nose.

J. S.

FINE ARTS.

THE THIRTY-NINTH EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET HOUSE, MAY 4, 1807.

If the public at large are not connoisseurs and adepts in the fine arts, the defect must be attributed to any thing else than want of pictures, designs, statues, and models, to form their taste upon, or the absence of criticisms, abundantly laboured and wire-drawn, to direct their judgment. In truth, as the number of artists increase, so the number of critics is multiplied. Whether the general taste is improved by the increase of artists, or the castigation of critics, we will not pretend to decide; but it seems evident to us, that the outcry, which has been very sedulously propagated of late among us, of a want of patronage of the arts, rests, for the most part, on very slender foundations. To redress all the complaints of artists and their enthusiastic admirers, we should become a nation of *dilettanti*. We love the arts, we regard them with all due reverence, and we anxiously wish to see them encouraged; but we are as far from regarding them, as some do, to be in a state of infancy in this country, and scarcely worthy of notice, as we are far from extolling them as others do, as rivals of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish schools, whose matchless productions of the imitative arts, not only confer honour on the individuals who were the authors of them, but reflect credit on the nations to which they belonged, and are justly regarded as the choicest ornaments and treasures of the palaces of noblemen and kings.

Were we in a disposition to view the state of

the arts in this country, in a desponding light, which, however, is far from being the case with us, the present exhibition at Somerset House would do wonders towards dispelling our gloom; or, were we, on the other hand, to think so highly of our progress in the arts, as to imagine we already possessed artists capable of eclipsing the sublime productions of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Domenichino, Corregio, the Caracci, and a host of painters whom we forbear to name, the present exhibition would be sufficient to mortify our vanity, and convince us of our error.

Yet why should we reject the good that is within our reach? Why should we fastidiously condemn our contemporaries, because their efforts do not come up to the *chef d'œuvres* of the art? If modern Italy excelled us, or France, or Spain, or Belgium, could boast of artists superior to ours, we might have some cause to repine; but this is not the case; modern Europe, (even Paris, with all its spoils), cannot shew a school of the arts superior to that of the capital of the British empire.

We have already hinted something at the wide diffusion of criticism: who is there now-a-days, of any consequence, that has not his portrait painted, perhaps engraven? and who is there that cannot criticise, and talk of

"Their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff?"

But perhaps he would be the fairest critic, who could, if it were possible, when he goes to look at an exhibition of pictures, leave at the door, with his admission fee, all his recollection of pictures that he had formerly seen, and bestow an undivided attention on those immediately before him. Let him then express the sensation which each picture produces on his mind, and his definition of their several merits would approach nearest to the truth.

This, however, is a degree of abstraction which we cannot pretend to. We entered the present exhibition with some previously formed opinions on the arts, and some acquaintance and knowledge, we flatter ourselves, of their happiest productions. But, at the same time, we determined, as much as possible, to let no previous bias operate upon our minds, but to deal out our censures and our approbation with the strictest impartiality, wherever, in our judgment, they were deserved.—A common question asked of those who visit the exhibition is, is it as good as it was last year? Had we been a twelve month in existence we should perhaps have anticipated our readers in this enquiry; but as the merits of the last, or any preceding year's exhibition have certainly nothing to do with the present, we shall offer no opinion on the subject, but content ourselves with delivering a judgment on that which is now exhibiting.

It struck us, at one time, that we ought to name those pictures first which appeared to us to stand first in point of merit, but, on a little consideration, we perceived this arrangement to be full of difficulty and embarrassment; we might offend the pride, the laudable pride, of some, we might wound the delicacy of others, and, above all, our own judgment was not infallible. To avoid invidious preference, or the imputation of partiality, we shall view the pictures as they stand numbered in the Academy's catalogue. Our limits will necessarily oblige us to pass many unnoticed, but we trust our selection will be found free from bias, and our strictures candid.

The first picture in the present exhibition that claims our notice, is No. 7. *Waggon Horses frightened at Lightning.* J. WARD. This is a picture of great merit, and we are happy to see it exposed in a situation where its beauties can be seen and felt.

No. 9. *A Missionary of the United Brethren conversing with the Esquimeaux: scene in the Terra Labrador, month of June; with a distant View of Rain.* Miss SPILSBURY. There is no deficiency of fancy or taste in this piece, and the execution in general is to be commended, but we rather apprehend the fair artist has given too flattering a landscape to the bleak wilds of Labradore. Were it not for the seal skin coats of the figures, which are as sleak and well dressed as if they had come out of a Bond-street furrier's shop, and some slight patches of snow upon the mountains, we should have thought that we were viewing the scenery of the tropics.

No. 22. *View of the British Fleet, commanded by Lord Nelson, and of the Combined Fleets of France and Spain, as they appeared at the close of the Battle of Trafalgar, October* 21, 1805. *Taken from the North East.* N. POCOCK. The public have long been acquainted with the merits of Mr. Pocock as a marine painter, but we think he has failed in this instance. One of the chief excellencies of a picture of this kind, is fidelity of representation. Mr. Pocock's Sea has the glassy smoothness of a lake; now we have always understood that the battle of Trafalgar was fought under what seamen would call a smart gale of wind, which increased to a strong storm at the conclusion of the contest, and exposed both the victors and the vanquished to imminent danger. On the succeeding day

many of the captured ships were wrecked, and the British that were crippled had nearly experienced the same fate. Mr. Pocock's picture gives us rather the idea of a calm, and in this respect we consider it faulty.

Nos. 24 and 25. *A Sea Storm, an Italian Scene, with a Ship making signal for a Pilot: and a Landscape and Figures; a Summer's Evening in the South of France.* P. J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R. A. Both these pictures are excellent, and in the artist's best style.

No. 32. *The Wizzard.* J. J. HALLS.

"'Tis thine to sing how, framing hideous spells,
"In Sky's lone isle the gifted wizzard sits,
"And points the fated bark his destin'd prey."
Collin's Ode on the Superstitions of Scotland.

In our Review of the British Institution in Pall Mall, we noticed with commendation Mr. Hall's picture of the *Witch Sailing to Aleppo.* His present work, which is a similar subject, is no way inferior to his former.

No. 43. *Portrait of Lord Nelson.* A. W. DAVIS. This is the production of a promising young artist, of whom we shall have occasion to speak more fully hereafter.

No. 48. *Portrait of Earl St. Vincent.* Sir W. BEECHEY, R. A. This portrait is the best likeness of the gallant veteran that we remember to have seen. The colouring is rich and beautiful, and the character of the hero admirably expressed. This picture is deserving of the warmest commendation.

No. 53. *Western Gate of Firoz Shah's Cotilla, Delhi, East Indies.* T. DANIELL, R. A. Mr. Daniell's productions always please us. They present us with works of art, and views of nature to which we are strangers, but of the correctness of which we cannot for a moment doubt. Mr. Daniell has in all five pictures in the exhibition, which are executed with his usual spirit and delicacy.

No. 59. *Portrait of a Lady.* J. HOPPNER, R. A. In our great grandmother's times, it was the *vogue* (as they then termed it) for ladies of quality to be painted as shepherdesses, they wished to appear Arcadian, and were sure to be accompanied with some pastoral images. In our days, fashion has taken a different turn, ladies no longer wish to be taken for shepherdesses, but they have no objection to be painted as heathen goddesses. Few exhibitions pass over without presenting us with some portraits as Bacchantes, or other creations of the heathen mythology. The present picture appears to us of this class. We mistook the lady at first (we beg her pardon) for an opera dancer; but examining more narrowly, we fancied she must have been intended for a Hebe.—We do not wish to be severe, particularly where a lady is concerned, and all we shall say of this picture is, that twenty years hence, we are much mistaken, if the lady herself will not laugh, or *blush* at the style in which she is drawn, however charming or fascinating it may now appear to her.

No. 81. *Cremhild, the Widow of Sivrit, shews to Irony, in prison, the head of Gunther, his accomplice in the assassination of her husband.* H. FUSELI, R. A. We know not from what source Mr. Fuseli has taken the subject of his present piece. Like most of the productions of Mr. Fuseli's pencil, it has its striking beauties and defects, but, we are compelled to add, the latter predominates.

No. 93. *Portrait of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester.* SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, R A. The composition and execution of this picture are fine and spirited, and reflect great credit on the artist. His Royal Highness is painted in regimentals, the likeness is striking, and the figure admirably drawn.—No. 107, *Portrait of the Countess of Breadalbane.* This exquisite picture adds another laurel to the wreath so justly earned by this eminent master. It is one of the finest portraits we ever remember to have seen in any exhibition of the Royal Academy; independent of the likeness, which is excellent and characteristic, there is a simplicity and dignity in the figure and its accompaniments, which we have seldom seen so happily blended. The hands and arms are finely drawn and beautifully coloured, as are the head and neck, and indeed every part of the person and drapery. The back ground is, we conceive, a real view in the Highlands of Scotland, which corresponds admirably with the figure in grandeur and picturesque beauty. There is in this truly elegant painting more of what artists denominate breadth, both in the figure and back ground, and, also, more of general effect and harmony throughout, than we have been accustomed to see; and we feel no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the happiest efforts of Sir William's pencil.

No. 103. *Portrait of the late Lord Thurlow.* T. PHILLIPS, A. We viewed this picture with delight. It is a most faithful and characteristic likeness of the great man it represents, and does honour to the abilities of the artist.

No. 115. *Chess Players, Portraits.* J.

NORTHCOTE, R. A. We dare not venture to pronounce this the best of Mr. Northcote's pictures, but it is unquestionably the best that he has exhibited this present year. Mr. Northcote treads more closely in the footsteps of Sir Joshua, whose pupil, we believe he was, than any artist of the present day.

No. 135. *A Country Blacksmith disputing upon the price of iron and the price charged to the Butcher for shoeing his poney.* J. M. W. TURNER, R. A. Some years ago we thought Mr. Turner an artist of the highest promise, and since, as soon as ever the catalogue of the exhibition has been put into our hands, we have eagerly turned to the list of exhibitors to see how many of Turner's paintings we should be gratified with. The present contains but two; that under our immediate consideration, which we think is of very inferior merit to some of our artist's former productions, and a marine piece which we shall hereafter speak of.

No. 147. *The Blind Fidler.* D. WILKIE. This artist has excited as much attention in the school of painting as Master Betty, some time back, did on the stage, but with far superior pretensions. We can venture to prognosticate that his fame will long outlive that of the young dramatic hero. The expectations raised last year by the exquisite performances of this artist are amply fulfilled in the present piece, and whatever praise was bestowed on his *Village Politicians*, superior commendations are still due to his *Blind Fidler*. The itinerant musician, who gives the name to this picture, is represented playing before a cottager and his family. The prominent figures, independent of the fidler, are his wife and the family of the cottager. The peasant's wife has a child on her lap, upon whom she gazes with maternal tenderness to see the ecstacy produced in the infant by the sound of the instrument. The delight of the child is additionally heightened by the attitude of its father, who is represented snapping his fingers, and keeping time to the music. This is an idea truly original, and proves the exact discernment and sagacious eye of Mr. Wilkie in his contemplation of common life. To the right of the picture a boy is described peeping at the musician, and imitating his performance by scraping upon a pair of bellows. An elder sister seems to look at him with anger, and reprove him for his waggery. The face of this girl is nature itself: it is, perhaps, the best in the whole picture; there is nothing of exaggeration or caricature about it, but what any one, who has spent a month in a country village, must recognise as features familiar to him. The two girls, in the front of the group, are not deserving of equal praise; still they are admirable. There is a little of common place about them, but the originality of Mr. Wilkie's genius prevails, and rescues them from all imputation of tameness or imitation. The grandfather is excellent without a fault; the complacency of his features, and the satisfaction with which he partakes of the pleasures of the youthful group, are expressed in a masterly manner. These figures, which may be considered as operated upon in different degrees, by the charms of the fidler's music, are admirably contrasted by the vacant stare, and the stupid insensibility of the fidler's wife, who sits with an infant on her lap perfectly unmoved at the melodious strains of her husband, and by the fidler's son, who is warming his hands at the fire wholly inattentive to what is going on. Of the accomplishments of the piece we need only say that they are strictly appropriate: Hogarth, the only English artist with whom Mr. Wilkie can be compared, could not have furnished a peasant's cottage in a more humble style.—There now remains only one head of observation for us to notice, we mean the comparison which has been instituted between Mr. Wilkie and the best masters of the Dutch school on the score of the delicacy of finishing, and the deception of the art which transfers, as it were, living beings to the canvas, and presents us with representations equal in fidelity to the mirror. Mr. Wilkie's finishing is excellent, it may vie with the best pictures of Teniers and Jan Stein, or Otho Vennius, we speak generally of the pictures of these artists, but we have seen specimens of these masters, not in England it is true, but abroad, which Mr. Wilkie has not yet equalled in delicacy of finishing and accuracy of representation. Those of our readers, who have visited the Hague, may probably remember the twelve pictures of Otho Vennius, that are to be seen at the House in the Wood, the Palace of the Stadtholders, and now the residence of the King of Holland, for which Lord Bolingbroke, certainly a competent judge of the arts, is said to have offered the sum of twelve thousand pounds: it is probable, if they have seen the same collection, that they will also recollect Jan Stein's delightful picture of a Quack Doctor vending his Medicines. We are inclined to think Mr. Wilkie's performance inferior to these in point of finishing, and perhaps too in general effect; it is nevertheless

an admirable piece, and we regard the young Caledonian as a splendid acquisition to the British School of Painting.

No. 154. *A Picture of His Majesty, painted for the County Palatine of Lancaster, and presented to the County by James Ackers, Esq. of Lark Hill, the High Sheriff.* A. D. 1800. J. NORTHCOTE, R. A. The conspicuous situation of this picture, and the august personage whom it represents, forbids us to pass it unnoticed. We wish we could commend it, but the impartiality which we profess will not allow us, we shall therefore simply content ourselves with stating, that we are thoroughly persuaded his Majesty has not such a horse in his stud as Mr. Northcote has been pleased to place him upon.

No. 169. *Portrait of the Earl of Buckinghamshire.* Sir WILLIAM BEECHEY, R. A. —The first sensation that we felt, on viewing this fine portrait, is that of seeing a living person. It is not only an admirable likeness, but there is a stillness and repose in this picture, a character in the countenance, and even the hands, that is so expressive of study and meditation, that is perfectly appropriate to this nobleman's high station and the honourable employments he has filled. The tone of colour is low, but harmonious; yet not so low as to weaken its force or brilliancy. The papers, &c. on the table, shew that he is in a high official situation.

Here we must conclude our observations; we shall resume them in the next number, and we can assure our readers that our subsequent remarks will be conceived in the same spirit of candour and impartiality in which the present have been written.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRE.

DRURY-LANE.

THE season of benefits being at length arrived, makes it impossible for the Proprietors of the Theatres to present much of novelty; they are generally contented on these occasions with lying in wait for the reversion of some piece that pleases the public on a benefit-performance; and, if nothing of that sort happens to come within their reach, they very quietly put up for the intermediate nights, *the West Indian*, and *the School for Scandal*.

This season produced at Drury-lane, in the uncertain atmosphere of a benefit-night, one plant, which the Managers thought it worth their while to nurse, and strengthen with the regular sunshine of their own patronage. That plant was the play of *Adelgitha*, the production of the celebrated Mr. M. G. Lewis; Mrs. Powell, with much judgment, selected it for her own benefit, and it was on that occasion received with an applause so lively and enthusiastic, that on many subsequent nights it was permitted to figure in the play-bills of the proprietors.

The principal characters of this drama are thus represented:

Michael Ducas, Emperor of Byzantium, ... Mr. Raymond.
Robert Guiscard, Prince of Apulia, ... Mr. H. Siddons.
Lothair, a Norman Knight, Mr. Elliston.
Adelgitha, Princess of Apulia, ... Mrs. Powell.
Imma, Daughter of the Emperor, ... *Mrs. H. Siddons.*

The story of the play is as follows:

Guiscard is on the point of returning, crowned with victory, from an expedition undertaken to restore the dethroned *Michael Ducas*, to the Empire of Byzantium. The ungrateful *Michael*, jealous of *Guiscard's* fame, has commissioned a slave to murder him; but robbers overtake and kill this slave, and finding on his person the scroll of *Michael*, directing the *Prince's* murder, deliver it to *Adelgitha*, the wife of *Guiscard*. *Adelgitha* reproaches *Ducas* with his villany; and, in extenuation of his guilt, he pleads his passion for her. She reproaches him in lofty terms, and happens to call herself *Salerno's* daughter. He now remembers that a dying Norman had given to him, in the agonies of death and repentance, some letters and the portrait of a lady whom he had seduced, which

lady was no other than the youthful daughter of *Salerno*. *Adelgitha*, terrified lest her adored *Guiscard* should abandon her on the discovery of her guilt, is compelled to promise *Michael* an interview. In the mean time *Guiscard* is come back, and, with him, *Lothair*, a youth who has been brought up by *Adelgitha*, who, in battle, has saved the life of *Guiscard*, and who is tenderly attached to *Imma*, the daughter of *Ducas*. *Adelgitha* repents her assignation with *Ducas*, and resolves, by sounding *Guiscard*, to learn whether, if he knew her error, he were likely still to continue his affection to her. But he, as a general case, so strongly reprobates the conduct of any woman who marries after one error, that she fears to avow herself, and is seized with a sudden faintness. *Guiscard* leaves her to obtain help; she sinks on a bank, and *Lothair* entering, begins to soothe her. *Michael* enters behind, and supposing *Lothair* the favoured paramour of *Adelgitha*, insults him till a duel ensues. *Guiscard* re-enters, and *Michael*, who hates *Lothair* for his virtue, accuses him of having attempted *Adelgitha's* honour, which he professes himself to have arrived just in time to preserve. *Adelgitha*, terrified by *Michael*, who privately shews her the portrait left to him by the Norman seducer, is afraid to exculpate *Lothair*, and the unhappy youth is hurried to prison. *Imma*, in despair at her lover's confinement, bribes the guard, and procures his escape. *Michael*, unable to conceal his hatred, openly quarrels with *Guiscard*, and is about to quit that Prince's dominions, but not without first seeing *Adelgitha*, whom he has appointed to meet him in the cave of St. Hilda. Concealed in this cave, *Lothair*, having escaped from prison, is waiting for a boat to convey him away, when *Adelgitha* enters, and is shortly followed by *Michael*. In vain she pleads to him for mercy: he attempts force, and she, snatching a dagger from her bosom, stabs the tyrant. *Lothair* rushes forward, and saves *Adelgitha* by conducting her out of the cave. *Imma* returns in terror, the guard who effected *Lothair's* deliverance having been unfortunately seized, and having promised to surrender *Lothair* as the price of his own freedom. *Lothair* is found by the officers leaning with *Imma* over the dead body of *Michael*, and they are all hurried to the Palace. *Lothair* generously refuses to betray *Adelgitha*, when one of the guards produces a note which has been found on *Michael's* body, and which is in fact the assignation of *Adelgitha*. *Lothair* snatches it from the guard, and tears it. He is ordered to instant execution. *Adelgitha* desperate, springs forward and exclaims "He's guiltless.—He's my son!" She then reveals the story of her early error in such moving terms, that *Guiscard*, melted, forgives her, and promises to love her still; but *Adelgitha*, stung by his magnanimity, suddenly stabs herself, exclaiming:

"Thus I thank thee—*(embracing him)*
"And next reward thee thus!"—*(Striking the dagger to her heart.)*

Guiscard, in despair, resolves on a crusade to the Holy land, and the play concludes—leaving the spectators to guess the union of *Lothair* and *Imma*.

The reader cannot but observe the ingenuity with which this play is constructed, and the excellent and affecting situations to which it gives scope. Perhaps it is in this point of the drama, that the particular species of intellect called genius, is most conspicuously seen. To write a neat and flowing dialogue is an effort worthy of praise: to produce a poetic burst is a flight deserving applause; but to construct a probable and yet interesting story, is a task so difficult, and, consequently, so seldom accomplished, that we greet it with a feeling nothing short of admiration. This object Mr. Lewis has, in the present instance, accomplished: but while he has succeeded in the plot, which, as Aristotle says, is, after all, the most important article of the drama, he has been terribly deficient, both in case of style, and splendour of poetry. One should almost have imagined that Mr. Lewis had constructed the plot himself, and given the composition of the dialogue to the charge of his housekeeper, or some other respectable old woman of his acquaintance: as a great artist executes the face of a portrait himself, and consigns the figure to the hands of his pupil. Mr. Lewis has endeavoured, throughout his play, to introduce, what, in the technical language of authorship, are termed points. This object has been usually accomplished by such expressions as, *God bless the King, the King lives in the hearts of his people—If we do but stand by Catholics, no enemy will ever succeed in ravaging our shores, &c. &c. &c.*; but all this Mr. Lewis very justly considers to be extremely stale, flat, and, by this time, even unprofitable, and he accordingly varies the mode of attack by clap-traps of a less usual description; namely, general remarks, in the nature of sentiments. But, unfortunately, all these remarks are in themselves so very stale, and are couched in language so very bad, that instead of swelling the heart with the desired ardour, they come over the mind with an intolerable flatness, an indescribable mixture of tediousness and dislike. In the first act, a lady

assumes a position which is very questionable, and then regrets the doubtful fact in these words:

"Ah! why is virtuous love so rarely happy?"

Is virtuous love rarely happy? or is there more felicity in vicious love? the line almost says as much.

What shall we say to the ungrammatical style of the following confusion between the pronoun singular and the pronoun of the plural:

"Oh *thou*, whom sorrow bows and fears afflict,
"Lo! *your* best refuge! At religion's shrine
"Kneel *thou* for grace, for strength, for resignation."

Another lady says:

"So swift I'll speed, I'll make the zephyrs
"jealous
"To find their wings outstripped."

What the plague! cannot women be contented with exciting jealousy among us poor weak men, without running away to make mischief among the winds too?

Many of the sentiments are particularly severe upon the ladies: *Michael Ducas* is always saying something uncivil of them, and that without much of either novelty or force: as for example:

'Oh! I could dash my front on earth, for
trusting
"To woman's gratitude, or woman's sense!"

Here the author appears to have been running his head against a passage, which he certainly has not been very happy in imitating, we mean *Hotspur's* exclamation after reading the letter: "Oh I could divide myself, and go "to buffets, for moving such a dish of skim-"milk with so honourable an action!"

Nor is virtue much obliged to Mr. Lewis for the very flat way in which he recommends her: as thus:

"He shows wisdom most, who most loves
"virtue,
"——True wisdom,
"(Whose prescient eye, o'erleaping time and
"space,
"Descries new worlds, pure joys, and life
eternal)
"*This* makes me feel, man's heaven or hell is
"conscience!
"This makes me feel, that, robbed of truth
"and honour,
"Life's charms are lost; and that if guilt's the
"price,
"E'en *Imma's* heart would be too dearly pur-
"chased!

An attendant of *Adelgitha*, in reasoning on religious subjects with the *Abbess of St. Hilda*, broaches the following very heterodox opinion as to the nature and powers of virtue:

"And can such fears alarm *St. Hilda's Abbess*?
"Doubts she of heavenly love, or heavenly
"justice?
"Has virtue guardian angels? If she has,
"Then guardian angels watch o'er *Guiscard's*
"safety!

We do not, for own parts, believe that virtue has any guardian angels: what would the Bishop of London say, if any body were to talk to him at such a rate about heavenly justice, and angels employed by dame virtue?

The following sentiment is more romantic in its spirit than elegant in its expression:

"Who strikes his dagger in a female's heart,
"Acts kinder, than who stains that female's ho-
"nour;
"Death being happier than a shameful life,
"Since she who lives to shame, but lives to
suffer.

In a historical point of view, Mr. Lewis declares himself aware that his tragedy is very defective: but we do not think the less highly of his plot on that account, for the object of tragedy is not to second facts, but to touch the heart: and if a deviation from historical truth can give a keener edge to the instrument with which our sensibilities are to be roused, it is in our opinion the wisdom of an author to sacrifice fact for feeling. Mr. Lewis, in his preface, acknowledges that the dramatic character of *Guiscard*, whom he calls his hero, is unlike that of the real conqueror of Apulia, and that the sentiments attributed to him in this play are extremely unsuited to the mouth of one who was entirely indebted for sovereignty to his sword:—that, throughout the piece, to distinguish *Robert of Hauteville* by no other name than that of *Guiscard*, is scarcely less absurd, than it would be to write a tragedy on *Edward the First of England*, and call him nothing but *Longshanks*, &c. &c. But if we were inclined to battle stiffly for historical accuracy in the drama, we should be less inclined to forgive Mr. Lewis's deviations as to *Guiscard*, than any other of the departures which he has allowed to himself; for this reason, that *Guiscard*, who has been thus totally changed by the poet, does nothing at last which warrants the change. Mr. Lewis has evidently intended this *Guiscard* for the

principal personage of the play: but Mr. Lewis has, at the same time, either forgotten or not understood, that no character, merely passive and declamatory, however excellent be the language that he speaks, can ever create in the breasts of an audience, an interest sufficient to support a principal part. It is not language, but situation, that makes a part either good or bad. The character of *Cato*, beautifully written, sententious, and declamatory, is flat and ineffective on the stage, while *Octavian*, in the *Mountaineers*, one of the shortest parts in the whole circle of the drama, without a line of any dry declamation, is enabled, by the strength of situation alone, to create an interest of the strongest description in every bosom. It is situation, the existence of feeling, that we expect upon the stage: if we are disposed for a sermon, we more naturally seek it at church.

Perhaps the play did not upon the whole acquire much from the manner in which it was acted. Elliston played *Lothair*, which is, from situation, decidedly the best part in the play: but from his usual defects, he was not what the author intended. Mr. Elliston, whose appearance, as a comic actor, is so much in his favour, and wears the air of so much ease, youth, and vivacity, no sooner assumes the buskin, than, like Niobe, his joints became fixed, and his muscles harden; then his utterance is unequal, and his whole frame conveys the idea of Talus, the iron man, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*. Mrs. Powell in *Adelgitha* was sometimes very pathetic; but her acting has too little of certainty in it: she wants study. Mr. Raymond, in *Michael Ducas*, was, in several instances, forcible; but we are sorry to confess that in several instances it was ludicrous. He would do well to correct his trick of pronouncing the vowel *o*, and the vowels *a* and *u*, when they have the sound of *o*, as if they all had the sound of *i*: as *Phociin*, for *Phocion*, *Byzantiim*, for *Byzantium*, orgin, for organ, &c. Mr. H. Siddons acted *Guiscard* with as much feeling as the character would allow.

COVENT-GARDEN.

At Covent-Garden Theatre, to which the muse of Shakspeare has now been almost entirely removed, Mrs. Siddons has again appeared, and still with the same splendid and undiminished lustre that so long has dazzled and delighted us. It has been the subject of deep regret among the enlightened and liberal part of the community and indeed a writer of no mean merit has joined in the lamentation, that while the poet, the painter, and the sculptor, can leave behind them productions of their genius, which may prove their deserts to posterity, and increase their fame with each proceeding age, the actor alone is condemned to live, the idol only of an hour, his fame forgotten, or his pretensions doubled, by generations who cannot judge of his merits but by the descending testimonials of contemporaries. But we are willing to hope that from this common lot of the profession, Mrs. Siddons will be partly exempt. It is indeed impossible to perpetuate, even by the magic force of the co-operating pencil, those evanescent energies by which she electrifies the soul and improves the heart: but the profession itself, in the advances which it has made, will for ever illustrate to posterity the mighty powers of that genius, which would elevate it from obscurity and contempt, to the rank that it has now attained. The dramatic art has for ages been considered as a low and disgraceful practice, the fit companion of tumbling and medicine-vending. And certainly it was reduced to this discredit, more by the vulgarity and profligacy of its professors, than by any intrinsic defect in its nature or qualities. For if we consider it in itself, we shall find that it partakes of those great objects and views which bestow upon other exertions of genius the title of fine arts: if then poetry, painting, and sculpture, be fine arts, inasmuch as they enlarge the mind, and improve the best feelings of the heart, surely the drama, which produces effects infinitely more forcible, and infinitely more general, both on the mind and on the heart, deserves to be ranked among the finest of all possible sciences. In that point of view Mrs. Siddons has always considered her profession: and by her splendid talents, her elegant manner, and her unblemished character, has rescued her art from the contempt in which it was held by the purse-proud coxcombs of the box-lobbies, who came to stare at actors as they would at wild beasts. Now, the principal persons in that profession, as well as in the other liberal occupations, are admitted, and even courted, into the highest circles of rank and fashion; and the divine, the lawyer, the physician, the soldier, the sailor, the poet, the painter, and the sculptor, are this day the legitimate companions of the actor. To the wonderful efforts of Mrs. Siddons is this change to be principally imputed: and we trust that her fame will continue to flourish, long after every heart that she once warmed, shall be for ever chilled, long after every breast that she once dilated, is mingled for ever wit the dust.

" *Excudent alii spirantia mollus æra,*
" *Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus;*
" *Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatûs*
" *Describent radio, et surgentia sidera dicent:*
" *Tu regere imperio mentem,——memento,*
" *Hæ tibi erunt artes!*"

Let other critics value themselves upon their severity, and rejoice in their powers of laceration; but we, while we deem it our duty to laugh at absurdity and reprobate grossness, are always most happy when we can turn our eyes toward the sun, and, Persian-like, offer our incense there!

As *Mrs. Beverley*, in the *Gamester*, as *Isabella*, as *Lady Macbeth*, as *Volumnia*, in *Coriolanus*, as *Elvira*, in *Pizarro*, and as *Queen Catherine*, in *Henry the Eighth*, she has again astonished and delighted the public. Perhaps, among all the characters which she ever undertook, there is none so perfectly qualified to display her numerous excellencies as that of *Queen Catherine*, and we are the more inclined to say something on this head, because we have never before had an opportunity of noticing the Play of *Henry the Eighth*, which was last year revived with so much magnificence at Covent-Garden. Our reason for preferring the character of *Catherine* to most of those which Mrs. Siddons represents, is not that she executes it, as a character, better than any other part she acts, for where every thing approaches so closely to perfection, it would be difficult to create a scale of appreciation; but we prefer it, because, while most of Mrs. Siddons's principal characters display her only in one or two emotions, that of *Catherine* unites almost every thing soft, sweet, persuasive, pitiable, majestic, and even terrible; and we think ourselves justified in declaring it as our opinion, that human powers can produce nothing more admirable than the trial-scene in the second act. The mixture of female gentleness with regal majesty and just indignation, that agitates the breast of *Catherine* on this dreadful occasion, is thus painted by Shakspeare:—

" Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
" And to bestow your pity on me: for
" I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
" Born out of your dominions, having here
" No judge indifferent, and no more assurance
" Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas!
" Sir,
" In what have I offended you? What cause
" Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
" That thus you should proceed to put me off,
" And take your good grace from me? Heaven
" witness,
" I've been to you a true and humble wife,
" At all times to your will conformable.
" ——Sir, call to mind
" That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
" Upward of twenty years, and have been
" blest
" With many children by you."

What heart could resist such an appeal? If *Catherine* urged it for herself, as Mrs. Siddons urges it for her, sure no heart but that of *Henry the Eighth! Wolsey*, and the other Cardinal, *Campeius*, press the continuance of the process: and then Mrs. Siddons has an opportunity of displaying her wonderful powers of creation, in her mode of calling *Wolsey* to her side. Shakspeare has merely given *Campeius's* argument, and subjoined these words:—

Queen. " Lord Cardinal,
" To you I speak."

But Mrs. Siddons has here imagined a situation which gives to these apparently single words an effect almost electrifying: she exclaims—

" Lord Cardinal!"

And *Campeius* is made to approach her: but she, designing to address *Wolsey*, motions away *Campeius* with one hand, and, with the other, summons *Wolsey*, exclaiming, with an indescribable mixture of dignity and indignation,

" To you I speak!
Wolsey. " Your pleasure, Madam."
Queen. " Sir,
" I am about to weep: but thinking that
" We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so,
" certain
" The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
" I'll turn to sparks of fire!
Wolsey. " Be patient yet—"
Queen. " I will—when you are humble!
" nay, before!
" Or God will punish me; I do believe,
" Induced by potent circumstances, that
" You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
" You shall not be my judge: for it is you,
" Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and
" me,
" Which God's dew quench! therefore, I say
" again,
" I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul!

" Refuse you for my judge, whom, yet once
" more,
" I hold my most malicious foe, and think
" Not at all friend to truth!"

Wolsey then makes a sophistical speech in excuse of himself, and she answers:—

——" My Lord, my Lord, I am
" A single woman, much too weak to oppose
" Your cunning. You are meek and humble
" mouth'd;
" You sign your place and calling, in full
" seeming,
" With meekness and humility; but your heart
" Is cramm'd with arrogance, with spleen and
" pride!
——" I must tell you,
" You tender more your person's honour, " than
" Your high profession spiritual; that, again,
" I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
" Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
" To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
" And to be judged by him!"

Through the whole course of this scene, as well as in that which concludes the fourth act, Mrs. Siddons is all that the imagination could form to itself in its widest sallies: she is, indeed, deserving to wear the wreath in common with her Shakspeare; for what he has imagined, she has executed; what he has produced, she has adorned; what he has left undone, she has created!

Of Mr. Kemble, in *Wolsey*, it would be unjust not to speak in the highest terms. But, except in one scene, the character does not afford full scope to his great talents. Mr. Pope was never so successful as in *King Henry*: his voice, his manner, and his person, are all of them so well adapted to this *storm and sunshine King*, that if a picture of *Henry* himself were to descend from its frame and speak, we question whether it would present a more perfect resemblance. *Cromwell* is well represented by Mr. Charles Kemble, and little Simmons in *Lord Sands*, is extremely droll: but Mr. Brunton's *Buckingham* might be better than it is; and we are not sure whether Mr. Blanchard's *Gardiner* could be worse: indeed, we are quite at a loss to imagine what could have produced in an actor of so much dry good sense as Mr. Blanchard appears to possess, so complete a mistake as to character and conduct.

But, " *ecce iterum Crispinus!*" Mr. Cherry again! Of this gentleman's abilities as an author we have frequently had occasion to express our opinion: and we understand that such opinion has been very unkindly received by said gentleman. We understand, also, that Mr. Cherry has a very large family, and, therefore, though he cannot *write well*, conceives himself entitled to *write*. We have done our duty by the public with regard to Mr. Cherry: we have pointed out his defects, and even stated our general sentiments as to his incapacity of producing any thing like a new play; but as the public still run after him, as his family is to be maintained by that influx, and as we have already done as much as we think it necessary for us to do for the purgation of the stage in this respect, we here take leave of him:

" —— *Cestus artemque reponimus:*"

To what we have already said, we can add nothing: our opinion of Mr. Cherry remains unaltered; but we think it ungenerous to seize upon every opportunity of hunting down a man, merely for the very excusable fault of possessing more variety than genius, and more luck than wit. Besides, after warning has been fairly given to the town, the town has a right to entertain itself in its own way: and if the noise of a poker scraped against a fender amuse a child, it would be hard indeed to forbid the amusement for its want of rationality; and, after all, if we are to follow Mr. Fox's rule, and " measure merit merely by success," Mr. Cherry will appear to be a man of infinite merit, for he certainly is a man of unaccountable success. He has just produced an Opera at Covent-Garden, called *Peter the Great*, or *Wooden Walls*; and this Opera, which, had we seen it in manuscript, we should have supposed certain damnation, has succeeded, without any ostensible reason for its success, except Mr. Cherry's *popularity*. Other men have found it difficult to succeed, with all the advantages of wit and learning: how great then must be the genius of Mr. Cherry, who is able to succeed without any of the adventitious aids of plot, joke, situation, style, or grammar! Good bye, Mr. Cherry! we will never *single out your defects* again: we hope that we shall never again be necessitated to *notice* your productions, even as far as we are now about to notice your *Peter the Great*, by presenting even a sketch of the plot, and an observation on the merits of the actors and composer.

On Friday, then, the 8th of May, was produced an Opera called *Peter the Great*, or

Wooden Walls: of which the *Dramatic Personæ* are as follows:

Peter the Great, ... Mr. C. Kemble.
Lefort, ... Mr. Bellamy.
Count Menzikof, ... Mr. Pope.
Mauritz, ... Mr. Munden.
Sparrowitz, ... Mr. Simmons.
Olmutz, ... Mr. Waddy.
Old Petrowitz, ... Mr. Murray.
Michael Petrowitz, ... Mr. Incledon.

Genevieve, ... Mrs. Davenport.
Paulina, ... Miss Bolton.
And Catherine, ... Mrs. C. Kemble.

Peter the Great, and his minister, *Lefort*, after having visited and worked as ship-carpenters in England, France, &c. under the assumed names of Pedro and Alexis, are returned to Moscovy; and still, *in deviation from the historical fact*, for some time continue their labours in one of the northern ports, under *Mauritz*, a ship-wright, who, acknowledging the obligations he owes to the industry and skill of Pedro, conceives the highest opinion of him: and is resolved on marrying him to his own daughter, *Paulina*, and making him his successor; but Pedro, already acquainted with the mutual loves of *Paulina* and *Michael*, a young soldier, declines his employer's intended favour, and avows his passion for *Catherine*, the niece of *Mauritz*. Disappointed, but not displeased, *Mauritz* gives his consent, and, through the intercession of Pedro, promises to ratify the marriage of *Michael* and *Paulina*. *In deviation from the historical facts*, *Catherine* is here represented, not as the follower of a camp, but as far as her means extend, the general advocate and benefactress of the village; and, according to an ancient custom, is presented with the rural crown annually bestowed upon the most deserving female. During the absence of *Peter*, the reins of government have been placed in the hands of *Menzikof*, who, alone, is acquainted with the Emperor's retreat; when the Boyards, impatient of their master's absence, and suspecting some foul-play on the part of *Menzikof*, order him to immediate trial, and sentence him to death, unless in six days the Emperor returns to Moscow. Under a strong escort *Menzikof* is permitted to go in search of his royal master, and arrives just at the moment when *Peter* is about to espouse *Catherine*. The Emperor still unknown to *Catherine*, otherwise than as the humble *Pedro*, hurries to the escort, declares himself, and gives freedom to *Menzikof*, leaving *Catherine* in the utmost despair. *Menzikof* returns, relieves the anxiety of *Catherine*, announces the Emperor, and claims her as the bride of his royal master. *Peter* now appears in all his splendour, and *Catherine*, yielding to the dictates of her love, gives her hand to the Emperor, who bestows that of *Paulina* upon *Michael*. That part of the play, which is meant to be an under-plot beyond what we have stated, consists in conversations between people of the names of *Olmutz*, *Sparrowitz*, *Petrowitz*, and *Genevieve*. The whole concludes with a procession of persons bearing the emblems of the different arts by which the glory and grandeur of a nation are created and upheld.

The music of this Opera is some of it good: but it has a remarkable want of simplicity in this respect, that all the songs are composed of two or three different airs, instead of the more general structure by which the same melody is repeated in each verse, so as to form what is called a ballad. In singing this music, however, Mr. Incledon and Mr. Bellamy were extremely successful. Mr. Incledon's merits are too well known to require a comment: Mr. Bellamy, we are sure, needs only to be generally known in order to be generally admired. Mrs. Charles Kemble threw her accustomed spirit into the part of *Catherine*, and Miss Bolton, as *Paulina*, was no trifling contributor to the success of the piece. Her song in the first act was loudly and deservedly applauded: but as her character, as well as the rest, is totally without interest, she had no opportunity of displaying any of those little touches of nature, which we so much admired in her performance of *Polly*, in the *Beggars Opera*, and from which we ventured to predict her future eminence in her profession. Mr. Charles Kemble, as *Peter*, had perhaps the worst part in the play, but he made as much of it as possible, and, though he did not utter the language of a genius, yet bore the deportment of a King. Munden, in *Mauritz*, was admirable—a song relating the well known fable of the fox with a bone in his throat, was sung by him in his most effective manner.

The Honorable and Reverend Augustus Barry, the brother of Lord Barrymore, is said to have finished an opera: but we understand that he has not yet settled in his own mind which of the theatres he shall *enrich* by it.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1807.

FOREIGN TRANSACTIONS.

WE are still without any arrivals of importance from the theatre of war. Indeed, since the battle of Eylau, both parties, as it were by mutual agreement, have rested on their arms. In the mean time Napolean continues to draw numerous reinforcements to his army from all possible quarters. It is stated in the French journals, that his force in Prussia Poland will very soon amount to 400,000 men. This is evidently an exaggeration; but we know enough of his character to believe, that his exertions to make every possible addition to his force are great and unceasing. On the part of the allies, we hope the same vigorous exertions have been used to augment their forces. The Emperor Alexander and the Grand Duke Constantine have arrived at the head quarters of the Russian army, and are stated to have brought strong reinforcements with them.

Rumours of a great battle have prevailed at different times, but the latest arrivals from the continent are silent on the subject. However, there is a strong probability that a general engagement cannot be much longer delayed; we are not hardy enough to speculate on the result, but we entertain the most sanguine hopes, that the brave Russians, inspirited by the presence of the gallant and generous Alexander, and headed by their able leader General Bennigsen, will prove themselves equal to the mighty encounter they have to sustain.

Since our last, the official details of the proceedings of Sir J. T. Duckworth's squadron before Constantinople have been published in the London Gazette, and we are sorry to add that all our surmises respecting them, which we ventured on a former occasion, have been confirmed. We entertain the highest respect for the character of Sir J. T. Duckworth as a gallant and meritorious naval commander, but we hope for the sake of his country, and we will add, for his own sake, never to see him employed again as a negotiator. Scarcely any thing can be conceived more ridiculous and unreasonable than the high tone of Admiral Duckworth's demands, and his utter inability to carry his menaces into execution. We could be more severe on this subject, but shall content ourselves with congratulating the admiral on his re-passage of the Dardanelles. There are few exploits which British men of war are not capable of achieving, but we are not such drawcansirs as to wish to hear of their fighting again with batteries that fire balls of granite of 800lbs. weight.

It is some counterpose to the chagrin we feel on account of this strangely mismanaged business, to have the satisfaction to congratulate our readers on the capture of Alexandria on the 20th of March last, by a British detachment under the command of Major-General Fraser. This enterprize was effected with the usual gallantry of British soldiers, and with very little loss. The possession of a country so dear to British glory as Egypt must ever be, is in itself a matter of just exultation; but when it is considered with a reference to the importance of that country with a view to commerce, to pacification, and to the immediate exigencies of the Turkish capital, we find in the possession of it a very seasonable consolation for Sir John Duckworth's abortive attempt.

Reports are in circulation that the Barbary powers have been induced by the Porte to declare war against England and Russia, but no certain advices to that effect have yet been received, though the probability, we rather fear, is, that those piratical states will ultimately follow the orders of their nominal head, unless they are very handsomely paid for their neutrality.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

During the last month the public attention has chiefly been occupied with the general election. The contests are now nearly over, and we are sorry to say, that in many places the wretched ministerial delusion of *No Popery* has had its full effect. This has been more prominently the case with Surry, where Lord William Russel has been thrown out to make room for Mr. Sumner, who came with this additional recommendation to the freeholders, that he was not only a staunch friend of the new ministers, but an advocate of the slave-trade likewise. The voters of Liverpool, who, so highly to their honour at the last election, re-

turned their illustrious townsman, Mr. Roscoe, for one of their representatives, have, in the present, shewn a levity very disgraceful to them, by leaving that distinguished candidate in a minority, and returning Generals Tarleton and Gascoigne. They even carried their brutal fury so far as to proceed to acts of violence, and at one time the life of the amiable author of *Lorenzo de Medici*, and of the *Pontificate of Leo* the Xth, was in danger, but happily the zeal of his friends preserved the town of Liverpool from the indelible infamy that would have covered it, had this distinguished character fallen the victim of the deluded and misguided populace.

A similar outrage was perpetrated at Bristol, on the election of the Right Hon. Charles Bathurst, though it was well known he was unfriendly to the Catholic Bill, and had voted in favor of Mr. Brand's motion relative to the constitutional power of the crown to demand a test of its servants. Mr. Bathurst, when the ceremony of charing took place, was violently attacked by the mob, and having received several severe blows, was obliged to return to his chair, and seek refuge in a house in the High-street.

Happily these are the principal disturbances we have heard of, but that more have not taken place is not so much to be attributed to the prudence or temperance of his Majesty's new servants, as to the good sense of the community at large, and the discretion of many highly respectable individuals of the late Parliament, who rather than endanger the tranquillity of their counties at a time when so many bad passions might be set afloat, have retired from the contest and permitted the ministerial candidates to walk over the course.

The City of Westminster has presented a most extraordinary spectacle of an election. The popular candidate without any solicitation of his own, returned by a triumphant majority. Could the poll, which closes by law on the 15th day, have been kept open a few days longer, it is highly probable that Mr. Sheridan would also have been returned. It stated that he means to petition against Lord Cochrane, his successful rival, but on what grounds we are not informed.

A severe contest was expected in the city, and plackards of "no popery," were stuck up by persons of whom it has sarcastically been observed, that they knew as much of the Koran as they did of the Bible; but the contest was terminated at an early period by the sudden death of the new candidate.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

MONDAY, APRIL 27.—About a quarter before three o'clock, the Lord Chancellor, Earl Camden, and Lord Hawkesbury, took their seats as his Majesty's Commissioners.

Mr. Quarme, the Deputy Usher of the Black Rod, was sent to the House of Commons, to require their attendance.

After some time had elapsed, the Speaker, accompanied by a great number of Members of the House of Commons, came to the Bar.

The Royal Assent was notified, by the Lords Commissioners, to two private Bills.

The Lord Chancellor, in his Majesty's name, delivered the following Speech:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen*,

"We have it in command from his Majesty "to inform you that his Majesty has thought "fit to avail himself of the first moment which "would admit of the interruption of the sitting of Parliament, without material inconvenience to the public business, to close the "present Session: and that his Majesty has "therefore been pleased to cause a Commission "to be issued, under the Great Seal, for proroguing Parliament.

"We are further commanded to state to "you, that his Majesty is anxious to recur to "the sense of his People, while the events which "have recently taken place are yet fresh in "their recollection.

"His Majesty feels, that in resorting to this "measure under the present circumstances, he "at once demonstrates in the most unequivocal "manner his own conscientious persuasion of "the rectitude of those motives upon which he "has acted; and affords to his people the best "opportunity of testifying their determination "to support him in every exercise of the prerogatives of his Crown, which is conformable "to the sacred obligations under which they are "held, and conducive to the welfare of his "kingdom and to the security of the Constitution.

"His Majesty directs us to express his entire "conviction, that after so long a reign, marked "by a series of indulgences to his Roman Catholic subjects, they, in common with every "other class of his people, must feel assured of "his attachment to the principles of a just and "enlightened toleration: and of his anxious desire to protect equally, and promote impartially, the happiness of all descriptions of his "subjects.

" *Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

" His Majesty has commanded us to thank " you, in his Majesty's name, for the supplies " which you have furnished for the public ser- " vice.

" His Majesty has seen with great satisfaction, " that you have been able to find the means of " defraying, in the present year, those large " but necessary expences, for which you have " provided, without imposing upon his people " the immediate burden of additional Taxes.

" His Majesty has observed with no less satis- " faction the inquiries which you have insti- " tuted into subjects connected with public " economy. And, he trusts, that the early at- " tention of a new Parliament, which he will " forthwith direct to be called, will be applied " to the prosecution of these important objects.

" *My Lords and Gentlemen,*

" His Majesty has directed us most earnestly " to recommend to you, that you should culti- " vate, by all means in your power, a spirit of " union, harmony, and good will amongst all " classes and descriptions of his people.

" His Majesty trusts that the divisions na- " turally and unavoidably excited by the late " unfortunate and uncalled for agitation of a " question so interesting to the feelings and " opinions of his people, will speedily pass " away; and that the prevailing sense and de- " termination of all his subjects to exert their " united efforts in the cause of their country, " will enable his Majesty to conduct to an " honourable and secure termination, the great " contest in which he is engaged."

After which the LORD CHANCELLOR, in the usual form and words, notified his Majesty's Royal will and pleasure, that the Parliament be prorogued to the 22d of June.

MONTHLY MISCELLANIES,

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

WE sincerely congratulate the public upon the re-appearance of this illustrious and interesting Personage in that circle, which she has adorned as much by her virtues as her rank, and from which detraction, perfidy, and malignity, had so long banished her Royal Highness. The smiles of welcome and satisfaction, which were diffused through the whole Court, upon the return of its fairest ornament, was a sincere testimony of its sentiments of unshaken respect towards injured innocence, whilst that which beamed with so much sweetness on the lovely countenances of her Royal Sisters, must have afforded a still more heartfelt gratification to the Princess of Wales. They proved to an admiring Court those sympathies in the cause of truth and innocence, which bespeak the best propensities of the heart, and threw a charm over the flushing cheek of beauty, far more radiant than all the gems which surrounded its brow. We were concerned to observe that her Royal Highness looked very thin, and has been evidently a severe sufferer from the various trials she has undergone, since her last appearance in this august circle.

We have been favoured with a sight of a very beautiful engraving of the late amiable Mrs. Duff, whose untimely death at Edinburgh some time ago, under circumstances, if we recollect right, extremely melancholy, threw a general gloom over the fashionable world. The engraving before us may be considered as a sort of apotheosis to the memory of a most lovely and fascinating woman. She is represented as quitting this globe, and angels appear to welcome her to the realms above. The drawing from whence it is taken is done by Cosway in his best manner, and the engraving, which is executed by Agar in a style to imitate the drawing, is finished with much delicacy and taste.

SIR F. BURDETT AND MR. PAUL.—The circumstances of this duel, which has engrossed a good deal of the public attention, seem, from various accounts, to have been nearly as follows. Mr. Paul, conceiving himself entitled to an apology, or satisfaction from Sir F. Burdett, in consequence of the transactions stated to have passed at the dinner at the Crown and Anchor, called at Sir Francis's house at Wimbledon, about one o'clock on Saturday morning, May 1, accompanied by Mr. Cooper, his friend.—Mr. Cooper acquainted Sir Francis of the nature of the visit, and several messages passed by means of Mr. Cooper, between Sir Francis and Mr. Paul (Mr. Paul remaining in his carriage;) but Sir Francis feeling that Mr. Paul had no

claim to an apology from him, for any part of his conduct, informed Mr. Cooper, that it was his determination not to make any; these different communications lasted till about four o'clock. It was then agreed that they should meet at Kingston, as soon as Sir Francis could procure the attendance of his friend, Mr. J. Bellenden Ker, from town.

Mr. Bellenden Ker, found them at Kingston about nine o'clock the same morning, when the parties agreed to proceed to Coombe Wood, near that town. Here each still persevered in their determination. Owing to circumstances (not necessary now to be stated,) Sir F. Burdett was unprovided with pistols. It was immediately agreed, that both should use Mr. Paull's. Upon a signal given by one of the seconds, they both fired together, but without effect. Upon Mr. Paul being then asked by Mr J. Bellenden Ker, if he was now satisfied, he declared he must have an apology, or proceed. Mr. Bellenden Ker, declared an apology from Sir Francis was quite out of the question.—The signal was made as before, when they again fired together. Mr. Paul then fell, being shot in the upper part of the leg, as did Sir. F. in a few seconds afterwards, being shot in the upper part of the thigh. They were immediately conveyed to town in the same carriage, under the care of Mr. Landford, a medical gentleman, who had been fetched by Mr. Bellenden Ker, to the spot from Wimbledon.

BIRTHS.

At the Duchess Rutland's house, in Sacville-street, Lady Catharine Forester, of a son.

In Grosvenor-square, Lady Ann Ashley Cooper, Lady of the Hon. Cropley Ashley Cooper, M. P. of a son.

In Charlotte-square, the Lady of Sir John Sinclair, of Ulbster, Bart. of a daughter.

Saturday, May 6, at Mr. Perceval's, in Lincoln's-Inn-fields, Mrs. Perceval, of a son.

The Hon. Mrs. Vansittart, of a son and heir.

In Grosvenor-square, Lady Stanley, of a daughter.

In Spring Gardens, the Right Hon. the Countess of Berkeley, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Lord Chartley, eldest son of the Earl of Leicester, to Miss Gardner, daughter of W. D. Gardner, Esq. of Lower Grosvenor-street.

On the 8th ult. at Edinburgh, Robert Fraser, Esq. to Lady Ann Maitland, eldest daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.

The Hon. Colonel Crewe, to Miss Hungerford, of Cavendish-square.

DIED.

On Monday, May 18, at Windsor Castle, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury.

It is with infinite regret we have to announce the death of this venerable Prelate.—Dr. Douglas was one of the first literary characters of the age, and the last surviving Member (Bishop of Dromore excepted) of the Beef Steak Club, celebrated by Dr. Goldsmith in his Poem of *Retaliation*. The literary talents of Bishop Douglas were first evinced in detecting the attempt of *Leander* to depreciate the merits of Milton. He vindicated the originality of our illustrious bard, and covered his opponent with confusion. His next performance possessed such merit, as highly to recommend his character, both as a literary man and an advocate for revealed religion. It was entitled the "*Criterion*," in answer to Mr. Hume's Essay on Miracles. He succeeded Dr. Law in the Bishopric of Carlisle, in 1783, and upon the translation of Dr. Barrington to the See of Durham, was appointed his successor. The Lords of the Admiralty requested Bishop Douglas to superintend the splendid edition of Cook's Voyages, which his Lordship executed with uncommon judgment. His Lordship had long been afflicted with the gout, which at last proved fatal.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 6, of an inflammation in his bowels, Alderman Hankey. The first symptoms of his complaint appeared about eight on the preceding evening, when he complained of great fatigue and extreme thirst. He preferred wine and water to tea, which had been recommended to him, and felt himself so refreshed for the moment that he actually proposed to proceed on his canvass in the neighbourhood; but that was only a momentary design, which he soon found himself unable to execute. His disorder now increased with an uncommon rapidity. At an early period on Wednesday afternoon, his approaching fate was announced to him, and he called for his four children, the eldest of whom is about nine years of age, and took an affectionate farewell of them.

On Monday, May 18, in New Burlington-street, after a long and most severe illness, the Right Hon. Lady Walpole.

On Monday, May 18, at Saithill, the Duke of Montpensier, brother to the Duke of Orleans, first Prince of the Blood-Royal of France.

On Sunday, May 17, at the Grove, Seven Oaks, Kent, in her 89th year, Mrs. Hardinge, relict of the late Nicholas Hardinge, Esq. and sister to the late Earl Camden.

LE BEAU MONDE.

FASHIONS

FOR JUNE, 1807.

Fig. No. 1.—*An Evening Full Dress.* A short train of fine India muslin, enriched with a magnificent border of white satin round the bottom, crosses the front and continues to the end of the train; a loose body of the same, with short full sleeves, made the cross way, carelessly caught in the center with pearl clasps; a rich Italian jacket of soft white satin, made rather high in the back, cut in small squares round the waist, in imitation of vandyke, and trimmed all round with a full quilling of French net; the front of the jacket is sloped off from the throat, and remains square at the bottom. The arm holes are also trimmed with a quilling of net; the bosom of the dress is formed square with a satin border to correspond with the remainder of the dress. Waist is fastened with a rich girdle; an Italian head-dress composed of pale pink crape, intermixed with silver Albany gauze; a fox-tail feather fastened on the left side of the turban, falls over the left side of the face. Ear-rings and bracelets of real pearls, white kid gloves and shoes.

Fig. No, 2.—*A Walking Dress.*—A short white dress of cambric muslin, made walking length, high in front to the form of the neck; high standing collar, trimmed full with a narrow lace, loose long sleeves. A rich blue sarsnet mantle, made with a broad full cape fixed on the center of the back, drawn up on the right shoulder, from whence proceeds a long narrow slip, which descends down the front, and fulled at the end with a large silk tassel. White chip hat, turned flat up over the right eye, trimmed with white sarsnet ribband; a mignionette flower placed on the back part of the turn up.

Fig. No, 3.—*A Baroudre Dress.*—A compleat shell of thin white muslin, worn over a white sarsnet slip, made quite short, open behind, and tied with small cords and tassels down the back; the muslin dress is made to the size of the throat, and the sarsnet slip, with a high standing collar, trimmed round the edge with a French lace; long sleeves of white sarsnet, and short full muslin sleeves worn over the sarsnet. Long square mantelet of primrose silk, embroidered with a dark rich border of embossed ribband; the two ends are tied with a knot on the front of the bosom; a rich lace cap lined with the same colour as the mantelet, made with a point, and worn very deep on the left side of the face, and exposes the whole of the right. A small bunch of primroses is fixed on the center of the cap; long streamers of primrose satin ribband at the top of the crown. The front of the cap is trimmed with puffings of lace. Primrose gloves and shoes.

(The above dresses were invented by Miss Heffey, of Pall Mall.

General Observations on Ladies Dresses for June, 1807.

Mantles and square cloaks of variegated coloured sarsnets, or made of thin white muslin, drawn threw the edges with coloured ribbands, appear very general in the middle circles of fashion, but are not so prevalent among the leading *belles* as Parisian scarfs of a pale palm colour, with a rich India border; white sarsnet tippets, trimmed with Malins lace, are also much admired; pale primrose or blue sarsnet scarfs, of a very delicate hue, are the most prevalent fashions for this month. The straw *tiara* hat is considered elegant. The waist still continues short as usual, fastened in with a rich girdle; the bosom is made high, rising round, but is confined low at the extreme ends to form a busk, which must be as square as possible; the sleeves are in general worn short; but when long are of transparent materials of the same as the drapery; the trains of dresses are made either of fine India muslin or crape, with a border of silver or white satin; ivy or white thorn wreaths are much worn. The simple frock with lace sleeves, and inlet round the bottom with lace is much esteemed, as are also dresses of Italian coloured crapes. The decorations for

MORNING and EVENING DRESSES. for May 1807.

Engraved and coloured expressly for Le Beau Monde or Literary and Fashionable Magazine

BRITISH MUSEUM
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the head were never more simple and elegant than at present. The hair is worn in a small twist at the back part of the head, with a rich *bandeau* of diamonds or real pearls; the hair in front *à la Modona*; shoes and gloves, for morning, are of the same colour as the head-dress; and for the evening, are white kid gloves, and shoes, of white kid or satin, with silver rosettes.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S COURT DRESS.

Magnificent dress of black sarsnet, covered with black crape. The black sarsnet was richly embroidered with jet ornaments, resembling foil stones. The embroidery was introduced in the bordering of the petticoat, which was worked in a peculiar style of elegance, and with a classical purity. These ornaments consisted of the Prince of Wales's plume of feathers, and the imperial crown of Great Britain, placed alternately on classic lines. Of the latter there were four. All these ornaments were of jet glass. Down the front of the petticoat were placed a double row of the plume of feathers, and the coronets finished in the same style as the border. The body and train were likewise of black sarsnet, covered with crape, and decorated with plumes and coronets. To relieve the *sombre* effect of this dress were placed on the petticoat, in front, three distinct festoons of real pearls, suspended from an ornament composed of an infinity of smaller pearls; the latter were so arranged as to partake of a diamond form. Each of the before-mentioned were hung in clusters, or in other words, they formed one immense chain of festoons in front of the petticoat. The head-dress was composed of pearls and an elegant plume of ostrich feathers. Her Royal Highness appeared in good health and spirits; in fact, we have not for a long period observed her Royal Highness betray so much inward satisfaction.

Fig. No. 4.—MORNING DRESSES FOR GENTLEMEN.—A mixed coat, single breasted, cut off in the front, and made of light greenish mixture, or pepper and salt kind, with covered or plated buttons, and collars of the same cloth; the skirts rather shorter than the dress coats, and the pockets in plaits behind.—Waistcoats of printed quilting, made single breasted, of dark brown or olive stripes, as also the gold colored stripe, shaded with black, are most prevalent, and are made without any bindings. —Lightish drab kerseymere, or stocking pantaloons, with Hessian boots; ribbed kerseymere pantaloons are still worn; as also drab kerseymere breeches with gilt buttons and brown top boots. Nankeen pantaloons and trowsers are becoming very prevalent, and are frequently attended by nankeen gaiters.

EVENING DRESS FOR GENTLEMEN.—Blue coats, lappeled, with a flat gilt button of rather a large size, continue to be very prevalent, and very frequently with black velvet collars; next to them are dark greens and dark olive browns; the green coats have, occasionally, a gilt or plaited button; but the browns are constantly worn with a button covered with cloth, and a collar of the same. White Marsailles quilting waistcoats, made single breasted, are the most general, as well as the most genteel waistcoats for evening.—Kerseymere breeches of very light drabs, either of the pearl shade, or the clear stone drabs, with silk strings to the knee, and Nankin breeches, with a silk string, are almost the only breeches worn for evening dress.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

We observe that evening coats are lately made rather longer in the lappels than for some time past; and the waistcoats also in the same proportion; the skirts of the coat are cut a little away, but not by any means shorter. Breeches continue much the same as last month. Morning coats are cut rather light in the skirts, and rather shorter than the evening coats; but both come up tolerably high in the neck, and fall rather low and open in front. Although the kerseymere breeches and pantaloons with boots continue to be much worn at present, we doubt not but, if the warm weather continues, gentlemen will very readily leave them off for the lighter dress of Nankin pantaloons and trowsers, with gaiters to match.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

RACES TO COME.

JUNE. 2.—Ascot Heath.
2.—Tenbury.
10.—Newton.
15.—Ribury.
17.—Beverley.
22.—Newcastle-upon-Tyne.
30.—Nantwich.

REMARKS ON HORSE-RACING.

THE excellent breed we have of horses for racing in this country, though from several abuses which have crept into the amusement, it has unfortunately been injurious to a great many persons, if rightly regulated and well made use of, might be very advantageous, as well for the diversion of sportsmen, as that by having plates run for at different times, and in different counties, we come at length to know pretty nearly the speed, wind, force, and heart of almost every horse of eminence that runs, which serves to direct us infallibly in our choice, when we would furnish ourselves for hunting, breeding, the road, &c. A horse may hunt well, travel well, and the like, and yet when he comes to be pressed hard, and forced to the extremity of what he can do, may not prove good at heart: and more particularly, some racers have been beaten only by their hearts sinking in them (that have wanted neither wind nor speed) when they came to be hard pressed.

It were, indeed, to be wished that our sporting fashionables would not make so much a trade of racing; and when they run only for plates or matches, that they would do it for no more than might be lost without any inconvenience to their fortunes: but to run for so large a stake that the loss cannot be well borne, and consequently endeavouring to win the same, if not more back again, it draws them into a vast expence by way of preparation for revenge, the consequences of which need not be described. On the other hand, if a person proves successful, he is but too apt to fancy that he shall prove so again, and sets up for a brother of the spur, but runs so fast, that sometimes neither his estate nor his friends can keep pace with him, and so turns his diversion into mortification.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED BY JOCKIES.

We will here only suppose a horse set to run for a plate, and that the hour of starting is at hand, the drum beats, or the trumpet sounds, according to the custom of the place where you run, to give notice for stripping and weighing: be sure, in the first place, to have your stomach empty, only take something to keep out the wind, and strengthen you: if you are light, that you must carry weight, let it be equally quilted in your waistcoat; but it is better if you are just weight, for then you have no more to do than to dress yourself according to your own fancy. Your clothes should be of coloured silk, or of white, as being most easily distinguished by the spectators; your waistcoat and drawers must be made close to your body, and on your head a little cap tied on. Let your boots be gartered on fast, and your spurs be of good metal. You must then come to the starting place, where going off briskly or gently, as occasion requires, make your horse perform the course or heat, according to your intended design, particularly if you would win the same, and that your horse excels in goodness more than speed, start him off roundly, run him to the very top of what he can do, during the whole course or heat, and by that means, if the horse you run against be not so good at bottom, though he has more speed, you shall beat him, because he will run off it a great way before he comes to the end. But, on the contrary, if your horse's talent be speed, all that you can do is to wait upon the other horses, and keep behind till you come almost to the stand, and then endeavour to give a loose by him. Sometimes when you are to run more heats than one, it will be your policy to lose a heat, and in that case, you must, for the easing and safeguard of the horse, lie behind all the way as much as you can, provided you bring him in within distance.

The posture to be observed is, that you place your knees firm, and your stirrups just such a length, that your feet, when they are thrust home in them, can raise you a little on the saddle, for your legs, without that allowance, will not be so firm; the counterpoise of your body must be forward, and your elbows close to your body; but be sure, not to incommode your horse by swagging this way or that way, for since weight is a great matter in running, and a troublesome rider is as so much more weight, there is no need to say how necessary it is to take great care of your feet and hand, that you do not incommode your horse, or impede his vigour, when he is put to his exertions.

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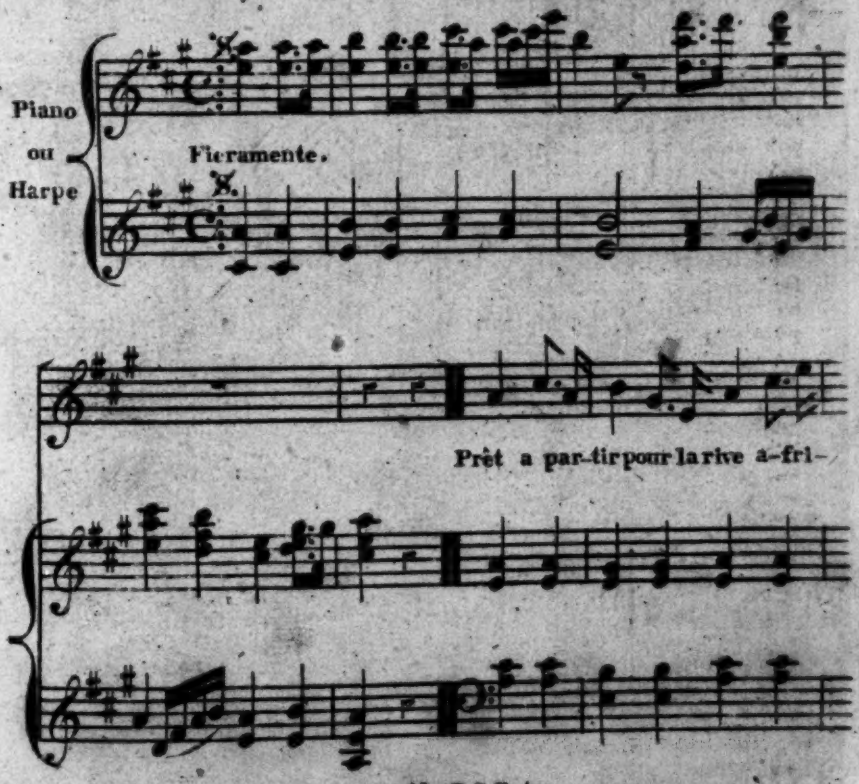

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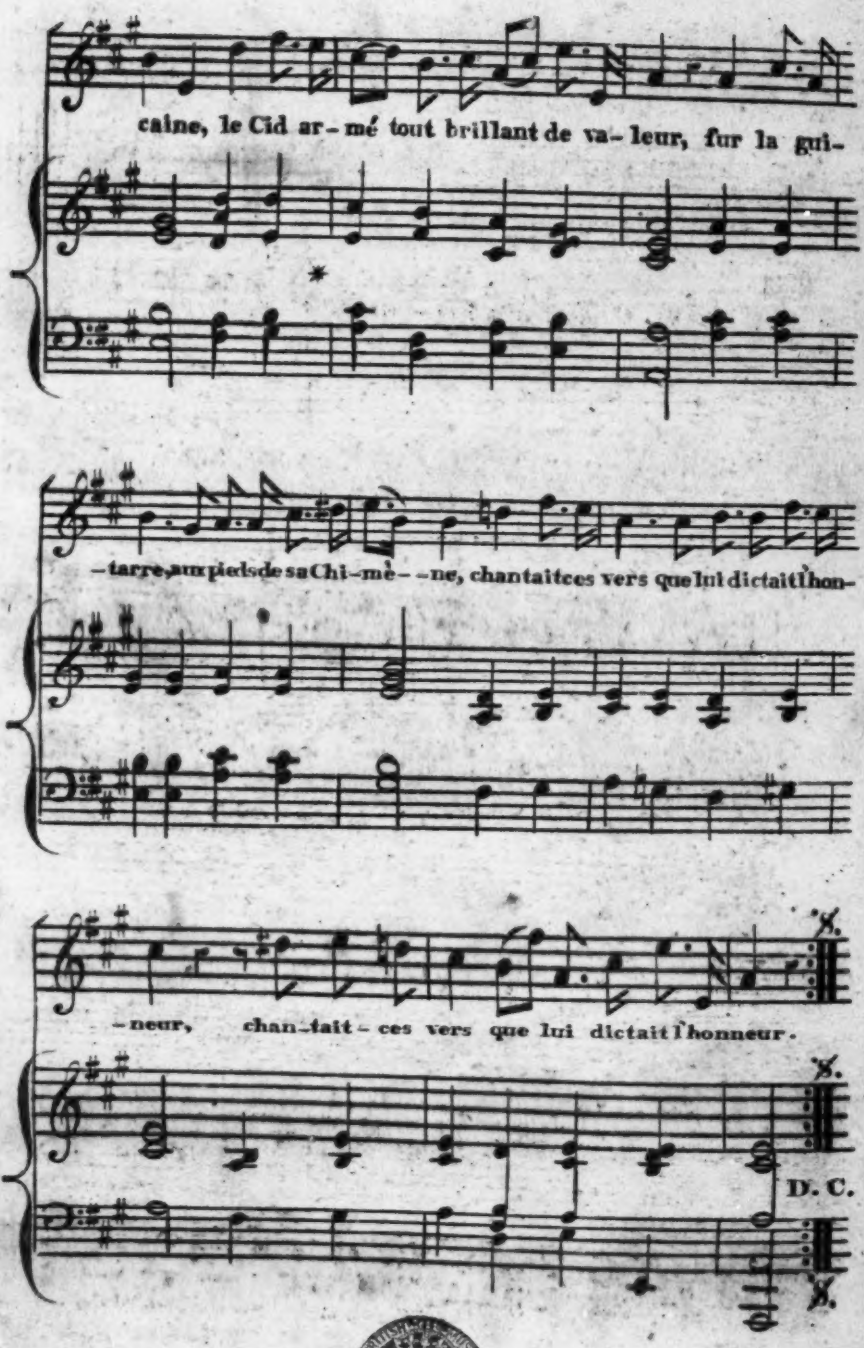

caine, le Cid ar-mé tout brillant de va-leur, fur la gui-
-tarre, au pied de sa Chi-mè--ne, chantaitces vers que lui dictait l'hon-
-neur, chan-tait-ces vers que lui dictait l'honneur.
D. C.

2e

Chimène a dit: va com-bat-tre le

maure, de ce com-bat, surtout,reviensvainqueur; oui, je croi-

-rai que Rodrigue m'a-do--re s'il fait cé-der son a-mour à l'hon-

-neur, s'il fait cé--der son a-mour à l'honneur.

3e

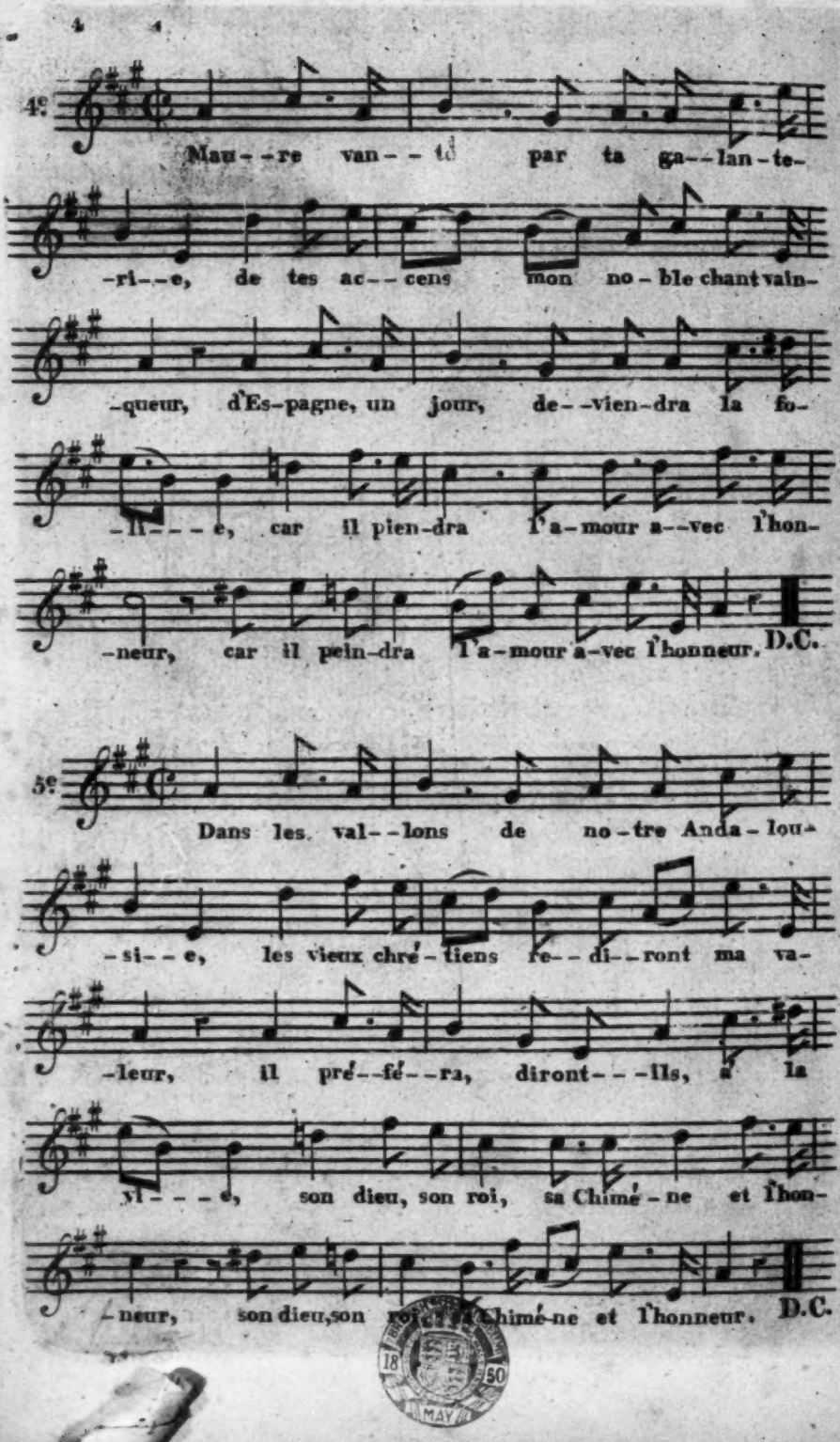
Donnez, donnez et mon casque et ma lance, je prouve-

Reprenez l'accompagnement. *

-rai que Ro-dri-gue a du cœur, dans les com--bats si-

-gnalant sa vail—lan--ce, son cri se--ra pour sa dame et l'hon-

-neur, son cri se--ra pour sa da me et l'honneur. D.C.


4e
Mau--re van--té par ta ga--lan-te-
-ri--e, de tes ac--cens mon no-ble chant vain-
-queur, d'Es-pagne, un jour, de--vien-dra la fo-
-li---e, car il pien-dra l'a-mour a--vec l'hon-
-neur, car il pein-dra l'a-mour a-vec l'honneur. D.C.
5e
Dans les val--lons de no-tre Anda-lou-
-si--e, les vieux chré-tiens re--di--ront ma va-
-leur, il pré--fé--ra, diront---ils, à la
vi---e, son dieu, son roi, sa Chimé-ne et l'hon-
-neur, son dieu, son roi, sa Chimé-ne et l'honneur. D.C.